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ART. I.—*Travels after the Peace of Amiens, through Parts of France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany.* By J. Le-maistre, Esq. Author of a 'Rough Sketch of Modern Paris.' In three vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. boards. Johnson. 1806.

THE passion for travelling prevalent amongst our countrymen, is, in general, matter of astonishment to foreigners, who have little idea of subjecting themselves to the expence, fatigue and dangers of a journey without some diplomatic or mercantile incentive.

The motive with us is seldom so definite; fashion, ennui, dissipation, are too frequently the springs on which the English traveller moves; but, notwithstanding such occasional incitements, this species of errantry may fairly be considered as a branch of that spirit of improvement and enterprise which so eminently distinguishes us amongst nations.

It has been well observed that 'a generous and elevated mind is distinguished by nothing more certainly than an eminent degree of curiosity; nor is that curiosity ever more agreeably or usefully employed than in examining the customs and laws of foreign countries.'

To those who indulge the world with a narrative of their adventures we are indebted in proportion to the addition which they make to our store of knowledge.

The merits of books of travels depend upon what the traveller has previously in his mind, his knowing what to observe, and his power of observation. Those adventurers who explore unknown regions have this great advantage, that they cannot easily relate any thing totally devoid of interest: a shower of rain is an event in an African desert, and even a bill of fare, a good or a bad lodging, excite a certain degree of sympathy in the reader; but in travels through a known and civilized country, the trifling occurrences of a journey cannot fail to disgust. If a traveller pleases other-

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wise than by novelty, it must be by treating an old subject in a very superior manner.

'What can you tell of countries so well known as those of the European continent?' said Dr. Johnson to his friend Boszy. A few years however have produced changes so important in the state of society, that after the peace of Amiens almost every one of these countries afforded new and valuable matter for the observation of the traveller: and Italy, interesting as it is in every point of view, was at this time peculiarly so in a political and moral light.

How far our author has availed himself of these circumstances we shall now proceed to notice.

That part of these volumes which relates to France consists of a rapid journey from Paris to Geneva by way of Fontainebleau, Dijon, and Lyons. Of the political sentiments of the people of Lyons, Mr. L. gives the following, we believe, accurate picture:

'From the heavy losses which the town has experienced, from the devastation committed on its principal buildings, and from the murder of its best and richest citizens, Lyons derives a strong and rooted hatred to the name of the republic; and however satisfied the inhabitants may be with the government of Bonaparte, their satisfaction is only relative. They prefer his administration to any which has existed since the death of Louis XVI. but they are still royalists; and if the house of Bourbon shall in the course of years be ever restored, I am convinced that no part of France will so heartily rejoice in the measure, or so willingly assist in promoting it, as the city of Lyons.

'In the few days which I have passed within its walls it is impossible not to discover such to be the general, and I might almost say the universal wish of the people—a wish which few, if any, attempt to conceal.'

From the nature of the extensive manufactories of this city in velvets, silks, and embroidery, the magnificence of a court was essential to its prosperity, and we suspect that the attention of Buonaparte to these objects will soon obliterate the attachment of the Lyonnese to the Bourbons: he had already endeavoured to conciliate their affections by devoting a large sum to the rebuilding of the famous *place de Belcour*, destroyed during the reign of Robespierre, and by promising every encouragement to their manufactures.

In Geneva and its neighbourhood Mr. L. made some stay, and associated much with the inhabitants, who, we are happy to find, retain their partiality for the English. Nor has the revolution in the government of that state

made any lasting alteration in their social habits. Speaking of the public walk of La Traille, Mr. L. says,

'This walk, though singularly beautiful, is but rarely frequented by the first class of the inhabitants, in consequence of the painful reflections which it excites. It was here that the most venerable, most wealthy, and most respectable citizens of the former republic fell under the ax of the guillotine in the first moments of revolutionary phrensy, and which was the prelude to that national annihilation which the country has since undergone. The memory of these lamented victims is still too dear to their friends and relatives for the spot where they suffered to be approached, without the liveliest feelings of sorrow, shame, and indignation.

'Near this place stands the theatre, which though opened and protected by the present government, is but little resorted to by the Genevese, who retain many of their ancient prejudices against amusements of that kind. I ought to add, that when the ladies of this place do visit the spectacle, they take their places in the pit. I asked the reason, and was told they did so in order to avoid the company of the French officers who are commonly seated in the boxes. Such indeed is the hatred of the inhabitants against their conquerors, that though the military behave themselves with the greatest propriety, and are commanded by an officer of merit, formerly a man of rank, none are received in the houses of the principal citizens.

'The aristocratic distinctions which existed in the time of the republic are still scrupulously observed in the choice and divisions of society, and prove to demonstration that manners, customs, and prejudices are above the power of law. Those from whose families the syndics or chief magistrates were usually chosen (for public opinion, though there was no direct ordinance on the subject, gave such a preference) are still looked up to as forming a superior order. Persons of this description live entirely together, and would think themselves disgraced were they to associate with their neighbours of an inferior class. 'The citizens' (or sons of native Genevese), who were alone eligible to the senate, conceive themselves in the same manner greatly superior to the 'bourgeois,' or burghesses, while the latter on their part, claim precedence over those who were only 'inhabitants,' or domiciliated strangers.'

Mr. L. visited Ferney, and has given a particular description of Voltaire's apartment, which remains furnished as it was at his death; but the estate has been repurchased by the family from whom he originally bought it. (p. 40, vol. i.) As we do not profit by the 'mirth, jollity, and wit' of our author and his companions (p. 66, vol. i), we must be excused if we have found his excursion to Chamouny far less amusing than he assures us that it was. The Swedes, Russians, and English, who accompanied him on that expedition were the most lively and ingenious persons imagin-

ble; yet from their joint efforts we are favoured with only one brilliant remark, an illustration (or *definition*, as Mr. L. is pleased to term it) of a glacier. 'It seemed as if the sea had stopped in its course, and we were moving over its waves.'

The local description of this wonderful valley, aided even by an extract from Mr. Coxe, is very imperfect. It may be satisfactory to the patrons of giants, dwarfs, nyctalopesses, &c. to learn that 'the two Albino's who were shewn in the Hay-market have with the profits of their exhibition purchased a farm in this their native valley;' (p. 53, vol. i.) and encouraging to the most adventurous of our Bond-street loungers to hear that a pretty French woman is resident at the custom house, established on the new frontier line of France and the Helvetic republic, upon the Col de Baume, which mountain Mr. L. crossed, and returned by way of Martigni, Bex and Vivay to Geneva. What Mr. L. styles his 'Journal of his Tour round Switzerland,' is copied, he assures us, from the notes which he took with a pencil on the road, 'which he has not attempted to ornament or even to correct.' We have no reason to doubt this assertion: with the ornament we willingly dispense; but we really think that had he condescended to correct his extemporary memoranda, he might safely have ventured to expunge many of the bills of fare, impositions, weather-tables, &c. without injuring the spirit of this rough sketch. The following effusion of his ardent imagination was elicited by the ill-treatment he met with from an innkeeper at the town of Rolle.

'Our coachman drove us to *La Couronne*, where we found a landlord who spoke English uncommonly well. From his address we flattered ourselves that we should be well received; but in this hope we were cruelly disappointed. It seemed that a British earl, whose courier was waiting at the door, had engaged all his best apartments; which, he said, must plead his excuse for offering us an indifferent room. We requested that, '*pour nous dédommager*,' he would give us an excellent dinner. To our great astonishment this order was apparently executed in a few minutes; but when we attempted to eat what was placed on the table, we found (what indeed might have been expected from so hasty a preparation) that the dishes consisted of the heated remains of some former repast. Unable to swallow these broken victuals, we requested something fresh, our civil landlord said he was very sorry he had nothing in his house. "Pray give us at least a mutton chop,"—"It is quite impossible, sir: my lord has ordered every thing in my larder."—Disgusted and irritated by this insolent refusal, I called for the bill, and paying nearly a louis for what we had seen, but not eaten, we removed to another inn, called *La Tête Noire*, where we obtained a good dinner, civil attendance and a comfortable apartment.'

One of the most promising occurrences in this tour is the visit of our author to Aloys Reding at Schwitz : it terminates very unsatisfactorily ; but his description, such as it is, of this great man, we shall transcribe.

‘ While I took a slight dinner at the inn called *Le cheval Blanc*, I learned that it was necessary to have my passport examined by the landermann, or principal magistrate ; and finding that the celebrated Aloys Reding held this office, I greedily seized an opportunity, thus afforded me, of seeing that extraordinary man, who at the first arrival of the French troops in these peaceful scenes, checked with a small body of brave men the whole force of their army, who since was at the head of the Helvetic government, and who is supposed to be the very soul of the present insurrection. I accordingly repaired to his dwelling, which though far from large, is somewhat superior to the houses around it.—Aloys Reding (formerly an officer in the Swiss regiment of guards employed by France) is a tall, fair, genteel man, about forty years old, of military appearance and polished manners. He received me with much urbanity ; and hearing I was English, spoke of our country in terms of great esteem. I told him I visited Schwitz with no common feelings—a spot interesting to every British traveller for the exertions made there in former times, and not less so for those which I now witnessed in the cause of liberty. ‘ Alas ! ’ interrupted M. Reding with a sigh, ‘ if this country be interesting at all, it is so for its unmerited misfortunes ! ’ he then countersigned my passport, and in pressing terms offered any civilities which he could grant or I could request. I should have had much pleasure in continuing the conversation, but, recollecting how valuable must be every moment of his time in the

* ‘ The following account of the heroic conduct of this extraordinary man, taken from a late publication, will perhaps be not unacceptable.—

‘ Skirting the verdant heights of Morgarten, the sacred monument of the ancient valor of the Swiss, they were resolved if unable to leave liberty to their posterity, to set them an example worthy of it. Aloys Reding of Schwitz, who commanded the allies—a hero and a sage, who in peaceable times had been the advocate of reforms and ameliorations, but who resented the offer of changes from an armed enemy—in this situation thus addressed his troops :— ‘ Heave comrades ! dear fellow citizens ! behold us at a decisive moment surrounded by enemies, abandoned by friends ! There now remains for us only to ascertain whether we wish courageously to imitate the example set us by our ancestors at Morgarten. A death almost certain awaits us ! If any one fears it let him retire, and no reproach on our part shall follow him. Let us not impose on each other in this solemn hour. I would rather have an hundred men prepared for all events on whom I can rely, than five hundred who, taking themselves to flight, would produce confusion, and by their perfidious retreat would sacrifice the heroes who were desirous of still defending themselves. As to myself, I promise not to abandon you, even in the greatest peril. Death and no retreat ! If you share in my resolution, depute two men from each rank, and let them swear to me, in your name, that you will be faithful to your promises.’ —Zschöckle’s Hist. of the Invasion of Switzerland.

present conjuncture, I contented myself with wishing him and Switzerland every possible happiness, and took my leave.

Mr. L. made no excursions into the lesser cantons, except to the well known vallies of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald; but in this we have little to regret, since his total ignorance of the German disqualified him from procuring any information from the inhabitants, and since, having never, as he says, had occasion to use the Latin, excepting in the schools at Oxford, he was not able to avail himself of the facility with which most of the Swiss clergy speak that language.

Mr. L.'s route from Switzerland lay through Chambery, and across the Mont Cenis to Turin, of which place he gives the following melancholy account:

'Of all the places which I have yet visited, this seems to have suffered the most from the ravages of the last war. The fine gates by which it was formerly entered have been pulled down; and its splendid palaces, though still standing, are neglected and turned into public offices. Every thing bears the appearance of revolution; there is no trade, there are no equipages, and apparently few persons of fortune left among the inhabitants.'

Mr. L.'s stay here was too short to investigate the state of society, but we believe him to be pretty correct in his surmise that what luxury remains in this once brilliant capital is confined to the French generals.

From hence, on his way to Genoa, Mr. L. crossed the plains of Marengo, which he was content to examine from the windows of his carriage; but, to grace his tale 'with decent horror,' he relates his postillion's story, how, the night after the battle, the wheels of a chaise, in which he was conducting Melas's aid-de-camp to Buonaparte's head quarters, 'cracked every moment with the noise of broken bones.' p. 195. vol. i.

Mr. L. has not favoured us with a scrap of information respecting the battle of Novi, or the siege of Genoa; but apologizes for this seeming negligence by saying that 'he was not a military man.' N. B. He was not at that time an officer of the *Mary-le-bone* volunteers.

Whilst going his rounds through the churches of Genoa, he is much disgusted by the bigotry of a monk, who threatened a brother with excommunication for permitting Mrs. L. to enter the 'sacristie' of the adjoining monastery. His *laquais de place* observed,

'That the holy fathers need not be so scrupulous, since, a few months before, they were not only obliged, while the French soldiers were quartered there, to allow females to enter their walls, but even to sleep there.'

Upon which, Mr. L. slily remarks that,

‘ Probably the *latter* circumstance did not occur for the *first* time during the invasion of a foreign enemy !’

We must take the liberty of reproving our author for this *espèglerie* (as he would perhaps call it), and we will do so in the words which he has very properly used to discredit the reports circulated respecting the death of the late prince of Parma. p. 288. ‘ It is injurious to the cause of morals, lightly to admit the supposition of crimes which we must suppose happen but rarely.’ Mr. L. however, seldom hesitates to indulge his imagination on the subject of religion and morals: he may, perchance, be not very far from the truth; but, it is by such hasty, superficial travellers as himself, credulous, eager to collect any idle tales that may serve as a substitute for real knowledge, and conceal (as they flatter themselves) their ignorance of the manners of nations over which they skim, that wrong notions and prejudices are propagated and perpetuated with regard to foreign countries. Thus Mr. L. cautions us not to suppose that the devotion of the people of Turin is occasioned by any extraordinary degree of morality. And so active was he in his researches during a single night which he passed at Sienna, that, the next morning, seeing the inscription ‘ *Castissimum Virginis templum castè memento ingredi,*’ over the threshold of the door of the cathedral, he observes, ‘ If none but those whose chastity was unsuspected were to enter this church, I am inclined to think that the holy ceremonies celebrated here would be but thinly attended.’

Pavia, Milan, Parma, Piacenza, and Bologna were successively visited by our author. The following extract from his journal while at Milan, surely could not be matched in any tour of Italy but his own:

‘ October 30.—I strolled about the town on foot, and went into several churches the names of which were unknown to me. That of S. Alessandro has a fine cupola richly painted. I lost my way, and consumed the greater part of the morning in getting home again. The violent rain which fell in the evening confined me to the house. Mr. S., an American gentleman with whom I was acquainted at Paris, arrived at our hotel. The unfavourable account he gave me of the present state of the rivers over which it is necessary to pass in the prosecution of our journey, determined me to postpone my departure. I had intended to leave Milan to-morrow.

‘ October 31.—The weather was so extremely bad, that it was impossible to leave the hotel. I heard from every body that the Po had risen to such a height that it was quite impassable. I came consequently a prisoner

' November 1.—The rain continued to fall in torrents; and the non-arrival of the mail convinced us of the impossibility of continuing our journey.

' November 2.—Still bad weather, and no appearance of a favorable change.

' November 3.—The morning, though gloomy, had some appearance of better weather. I hailed with joy this favorable change. I took advantage of the first moment of cessation from rain, and walked in the public garden and on the Corso. About two o'clock the sun burst through the opposing clouds, and confirmed our hopes of being able to leave Milan, of which we were heartily tired. After dinner I strolled into the cathedral; which was lighted with torches this evening, preparatory to the *fête* of St. Charles, which is to be celebrated here to-morrow. The night was fine; the stars shone in all their brilliance; and our expectations of being relieved from our present imprisonment were hourly strengthened.'

He seems to have found his only consolation in the opera-house; thrice he proclaims the charms and talents of *La Corforini* (p. 259, 266 and 274. vol. i.), though he saw her perform in only one opera. His taste for music may be very correct; but it is somewhat suspicious, that he should have preferred the singing of the curate's cook and dairy maid at *Lauterbrunnen* to the 'finest efforts of studied skill,' (p. 105. Vol. i.) whilst the '*bocca Romana*' was harsh and disagreeable to his ear. (p. 270. vol. i.)

His catalogues of pictures at Bologna are very tiresome, and so, we are sure, he himself found the pictures; for having visited a few palaces, he makes enquiry as to the state of the churches, and concisely mentions the changes which have taken place in the late revolutionary times. This plan throughout would have been far preferable to that which he has adopted, though it should have reduced his great work to a single volume. The catalogues of Florence fill many pages; and Rome of itself furnishes nearly a whole volume of extracts from *Lumsden's Antiquities*, &c. besides many descriptions of the same scenes given in our author's own words; so that, in these instances, the reader has the advantage of duplicates, and if in a fit of impatience he should have passed over a first description, he may often meet with a second in the course of the volumes.

At Naples Mr. L. resided about two months, but saw little of the Neapolitans. Having always understood that the Italians were remarkably accessible, we were surprised to find him attribute his small acquaintance with them to the difficulty of procuring introductions. He adds however, that our minister visited few of the Neapolitans, and his countrymen consequently could not easily become known to them. It would be well were our diplomatists sensible that

it is the duty of an ambassador to acquaint himself with the inhabitants of the place in which he resides, and it should be his aim by an easy and insinuating manner to gain their confidence. We are apt to value too highly our school celebrity, and to continue, even to our second childhood, to plume ourselves upon a Greek or Latin stanza, rather than the more useful knowledge of mankind, and that address which often determines the fate of nations.

Our author, enchanted amidst the gaiety of balls, masquerades, dinners, &c. in a society formed of the English, some Russians, and other foreigners, seems to have forgotten the object of his tour. Any lady, we think, who has resided a month at Naples, might rival him in research. He did not visit any one of the interesting islands of Capri, Ischia or Procida, which were always in his view; nor the eastern shore of Torrento, which presents the finest scenery in the bay of Naples; nor the temples of Pæstum, the noblest remains of Grecian architecture in Italy. He confined himself to the most beaten track, the coast of Pompeii, and Baiæ, and, as if to justify his indolence, he reminds us that—

‘Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amænis.’

He ventured indeed to the summit of Vesuvius, but was satisfied with the account of some friends, that there was nothing to be seen at the bottom of the crater. Similar inertness had induced him to pass the *pietramala* (one of the wonders of the Apennines between Bologna and Florence) without approaching it. But perhaps he reflected that he was ‘no naturalist,’ and since (as he has candidly told us, p. 36 & 19. vol. ii. & 181, vol. i.) he was ‘no antiquary,’ ‘no judge of painting,’ and ‘unacquainted with the Italian language,’ we are only surprised that, a pigmy as he was in all these requisites, and no giant in classical literature, he should ever have meditated publishing a tour in Italy.

In addition to the above disadvantages under which Mr. L. laboured, his schemes were frequently interrupted by his lady who accompanied him. His tenderness towards Mrs. L. is very amiable; but he might, we think, have been content to have recorded it amongst his family manuscripts without holding himself up to the world as a pattern for husbands. The roaring of a cataract, and the complimentary effusions of an improvisatore, a felucca, and a Brenta passage-boat occasion corresponding degrees of terror in this lady; and, amongst the Genoese mountains, the mention of the *Gran Diavolo* had brought on fits, but for the timely relief of a

French guard of soldiers, who with characteristic vanity cried out, 'Dites a Madame qu'elle n'a rien a craindre : elle peut marcher en suretè ; nous sommes François.' P. 199. vol. i.

Mr. L., having thus paid his tribute of gratitude to these guardian angels (who, as he says, after the above exclamation, 'walked on a good pace, whistling as they went and unruffled by the rain') might very well have given us some account of that extraordinary man the Genoese devil, who (we have been informed) was a political robber, confined his depredations to the French and their republican friends, and particularly avoided offending the English, was himself a Genoese of family and fortune, and had retired to the mountains individually to avenge the wrongs of his country. Indeed the little Mr. L. tells us concerning him is rather in confirmation of our story, viz. that he had plundered and murdered a French commissary's muleteer, and attacked the French guard-house in the Bocchetta.

We hasten to attend our traveller northward. He returned by way of Venice, and through Styria to Vienna, where he resided two months, and collected materials for the best part of his work. He appears to have been well introduced, and, with the exception of some frivolous details of dinners and routs, his descriptions of the court and society of Vienna are not devoid of interest.

We extract the following account of the aristocratic prejudices of this court :

'No person can be received into the first circles of this place who has not been presented at court ; and no one can be presented at court who cannot give authentic proofs of his sixteen untarnished quarters, both on the side of his father and on that of his mother. A single *mis-alliance*, or marriage with a plebeian, destroys the rights of him who is in other respects unobjectionable. The military are alone exempt from the effects of this general regulation : an officer, as such, may be presented, though his birth be ever so obscure : but this professional privilege does not extend itself to his wife, or to his descendants ; who remain incapable of basking in the sunshine of royalty, till the required number of unalloyed generations has purified their blood, and given them the allotted number of heraldic quarters.

'In consequence of this strange species of pride, many persons honored with titles of nobility, but not possessed of necessary pedigrees, are excluded from the court of their sovereign, and consequently from the first circles of society. Even females whose birth is spotless, may by an inferior marriage lose their rank, and sink into the class of their husbands.

'Since I have been here, I have heard related a curious instance of the rigidity with which this rule is enforced. A lady of the first

nobility married an officer of the second, and by so doing was degraded, and rendered incapable of going either to court or to the society of her equals; while the husband, for whom she suffered this disgrace, was in his professional character admitted to both.

'Neither the liberal sentiments of Joseph the second, nor the example of his successors, who have on all occasions endeavoured to destroy so strange a distinction among the members of the same privileged body, have produced the slightest change in this deeply rooted prejudice. Nor can the power or influence of a minister assist the most amiable individual, who, without the required qualifications, should presume to aspire at moving in the first circles. As a proof of this, I have been told the following anecdote: Count Cobenzel, the prime minister and favorite of the emperor, had a niece, a beautiful and accomplished young woman, who was educated in his house, and who at the proper age was presented at court. A few days afterwards it was whispered that this lovely girl had not a pedigree sufficiently pure to justify the honor which she had received; and, at the next general assembly given by the premier, she no sooner appeared than all the ladies of the court left the room.

'Such, indeed, is the pride of the first families, that though in the country, or in private, they will associate familiarly with persons of inferior birth, they cannot at Vienna, without subjecting themselves to degradation, appear in public with any whose quarters are not as spotless as their own.'

Those who share the loaves and fishes in this country will pity their hungry brethren of Austria, if the following statement be correct:

'The great offices of the crown, most of which are exclusively enjoyed by the first nobility, are not very liberally paid; and the inferior departments, through which every individual must pass before he can become either the governor of a province or a minister of state, are filled gratuitously. The proudest noble, if ambitious of holding a place of importance, must submit to advance by the regular steps through which it is gradually approached; and though many fatiguing duties are to be performed, they are accompanied by no salary or remuneration whatever. A friend of mine is thus secretary of one of the regencies; and though the functions of his office occupy several hours of every day, and compel him to reside constantly at Vienna, he receives no pecuniary recompense for his trouble; and the only advantage gained, is the probability of attaining, in the course of years, a post of honor.'

We have gladly noticed such parts of these volumes as have merit; but we should be sorry to reproach ourselves with having encouraged Mr. L. to waste his valuable leisure in another work of this nature. His talents for masquerade, with which he astonished the Neapolitans, we readily acknowledge, and have no doubt that he would be an admirable mask as a 'travelling author,' though nature seems not to have formed him to support that character in real life.

His own works, as well as some of those of his predecessors, might suggest to him much satirical humour. Thus might he augment his fame without enduring further 'surfeit of fine sights,' or the fatigue of pursuing them, and without alarming Mrs. Lemaistre with any more of his rash projects. Yet we are convinced that he is too strongly infected with the *cacoethes scribendi* to remain inactive in the literary world, and we shall not be surprised to see a novel or romance struck off, while his imagination is yet warm with the recollection of the Novice of 'Regina Cœli,' (Vol. ii.)

ART. II.—*Ensor's Independent Man*, (continued from p. 141).

CERTAIN expressions of a dangerous tendency drew from us in our last number, some remarks which we made with reluctance. The philanthropy of our author, which displays itself in every part of his work, will induce him to believe, that censure on a book replete with information and originality must be irksome to the censor himself.

The preceding chapters were intended only to usher in the various learning, acute remarks, and decisive criticisms, with which the remainder of the pages abound.

The author is not content with pouring the same ingredients into fresh vessels, and thus professing an originality which is not his own. He neither despises, nor adopts the opinions of those, who have been before hand with him; and although he may be accused of screening himself behind great names when his cause has need of their protection, he may be commended with equal justice for declining their authority whenever it runs counter to his own belief.

The greater part of this work is occupied in criticisms. Philosophers, essayists, writers on political economy, historians, orators, poets of all descriptions, pass in review, and are assigned stations, different in some instances from those which they have usually held, by a scholar whose censure is not to be disregarded, and whose praise, in general, is an honourable testimony to abilities.—Our last number was confined chiefly to the theories of education, which, like most other theories, seemed incapable of being reduced to practice. A writer who embraces the whole circle of literature, who has soared to Plato and descended to Kett, who has read Homer, and the travesty of Cowper, should be allowed to speak for himself, and no greater advantage can be taken of the short limits prescribed to a review, than the judicious insertion of passages remarkable for

their originality, reasoning, or beauty. No present of greater value can be made to the public, than the compression into a small space, of treasures which are scattered at intervals through a long, learned work, calculated to improve the taste and enlarge the understanding. A critic does ill who exacts implicit reliance on his own opinion; the grand features of a good work should be given to the public in their original impression. The unimportant parts may be suppressed. A reader must be grateful for that analysis which places a voluminous author within his grasp.

In the chapter on 'genius and study requisite to great undertakings,' after asserting the insufficiency of the one unaided by the other, he pays the following tribute to the power of genius:

'Genius has its enterprize quickened as it is most resolutely opposed: imputed possibilities are its opportunities of action; for, while fools turn their fortune to their prejudice, and ordinary men take advantage of occasions, genius makes obstacles the means of its prosperity. In literature the ordinary writer considers the prescription of critics the laws of good writing. The academicians condemn the Cid: Scudery writes a regular piece in opposition to it, which is neglected; while Corneille's Drama enchants the nation. Genius forms new and peculiar combinations:—the censor says, "these are unauthorized;" the man of genius replies, by the effects of his execution, "I am my own authority."

The chapter on philosophers is a cool and dispassionate treatise, in which many old and idle fancies are refuted with great acuteness. The extraordinary elevation of Socrates, the source from which all the great schools of Grecian philosophy took their rise, attracts more exclusively the notice of our author. He had been considered the greatest of the ancient world. To the estimation in which he was held by his disciples, was added the sanction of the Delphic oracle, and his title to wisdom was confirmed from the sacred tripod. It is unaccountable how the saying of an insatiate man or woman should increase or diminish the reputation of any person.

Hear Mr. Ensor:

'His opinions are a strange mixture of error and truth: in many instances he opposed popular prejudice and superstition, yet he reproved Xenophon for not inquiring from Apollo whether he should undertake his proposed journey, or abstain from it; and when dying, he ordered a cock to be sacrificed to Æsculapius. Knox says that this external conformity is not to be confounded with hypocrisy; I do not say that this was hypocrisy, but surely such a reproach,

and such an act, did not correspond with the first of the human race.

'He spoke much of a familiar daemon. From what I have read, I am inclined to think that this daemon was not, in his belief, a mysterious term for conscience, but an attendant power. Some are of a contrary opinion, as they cannot conceive that Socrates could be an enthusiast. From observing human life, you will find traits of gross superstition affecting the wisest. Few old women could be more unsettled in their notions of ghostly apparitions than Johnson. Many instances of folly equal to this might be added. Fletcher of Saltoun 'considered that in critical cases his understanding received direction from a supernatural impulse.' Lord Herbert, a notorious sceptic in religion, relates that the interposition of heaven sensibly affected himself: and Cardan, whom Tiraboschi thinks to have possessed as profound and fertile a genius as any one that Italy ever produced, believed in dreams; and that he had in his side a genius, who advertised him of impending dangers.'

To the fear of ghostly apparitions, ascribed to Johnson, might be added his belief in sympathy and antipathy; a superstition for which he seems to be a serious advocate under the cover of a note on the raving of Othello. 'Nature would not invest herself in such a shadowing passion without some instruction.' On this passage Warburton indulges in a classical dream, intended only to display his ingenuity, without a hope or wish of instructing. Johnson enters into the real spirit of Othello with such warmth, that he countenances and even joins him in his error.

The greatest merit of our author is that acuteness, which enables him to detect fallacy, by whatever bait it be disguised. Trifles, attached to the histories of great men, have called forth thunders of applause, that are re-echoed from century to century by the undiscerning, who are indifferent to the great traits of character, daily discoverable among men of the present day. It is to be remembered that a person of exalted character is desirous of preserving his rank; he considers himself an object of which all eyes are observant; and studies to give an almost theatrical effect to his words and actions. An ordinary man is unambitious, and having no character to win or lose, acts commonly from the impulse of his feelings; for this reason, if he act well, his merit increases in proportion to his want of consequence. The behaviour of Socrates at the theatre, on a trying occasion, was noble. But the true value of it is best ascertained by comparing it with the conduct of a modern on a similar occasion.

'That Socrates excelled in the practice of virtue, there can be no doubt; but many circumstances of his life are recorded for our ad-

miration, which in other men are scarcely remembered. It is related with great triumph, that he went to the theatre to confront Aristophanes, who ridiculously personated him. Sir William Brown did as much, when he was mimicked by Foote. Foote had obtained the identical wig and coat of the knight. Sir William sent him his muff, which the droll had forgotten.

The following is in the same style of discrimination:

'He is praised for his temperance, and it is recorded that he escaped the plague in consequence: but it is scarcely known that doctor Hodges administered medical aid to hundreds in London, while they were perishing by the plague, yet remained himself uncontaminated by the disease: and all the world has heard of the catastrophe of Socrates, and it merits universal admiration; but few have heard that Hodges the philanthropist died in a jail, abandoned by the world.'

The escape of an individual makes a good counterpoise to that of Socrates;—but the instance of Socrates will dwindle to nothing, when it is known that a commission of five medical men who were sent in the year 1720 to Marseilles, for the purpose of attending the citizens visited by the plague, returned to their homes after exposing themselves to its malignity for some weeks uninfected. This circumstance induced François Chicoynean, who was appointed head of the medical staff, to discredit the infectious tendency of that disease.—(Vid. *Traité des Causes, des Accidens, et de la Cure de la Peste, &c.* Paris. 1744, in 4to.)

The character of Plato contains few if any remarks which are uncommon: the pith of what has been said by others is collected with diligence. Antithesis is a favourite figure with our author; and when the points which are drawn up in opposition to each other, have been previously made out, the compression and energy of antithesis brings the whole more clearly and decidedly under review. The following is more than bare assertion; and what follows it will justify each separate remark:

'Plato stands high among inconsequential writers; he wrote against sophistry with chicane: he wrote against Homer, and was his studious imitator; he wrote against poets, yet his works assumed a poetical form: he also introduced allegories, and made a romance of legislation: he wrote against superstition, yet his writings are crowded with Rosicrucian fancies, final causes, and preternatural agency; so much so, that it may be said theology was the domain of Plato.'

In the account of Aristotle, two ingenious suppositions are advanced: The one is an attempt to account for the exoteric and esoteric doctrines, for which he in common with

Plato, Pythagoras and others, has called down on himself the censure of Plutarch, and the ridicule of Lucian.

Of these doctrines we know no more, than that some were intended for the multitude and some for the few.

'I think,' says our author, 'the fairer explanation is, that he related the general principle of science at his public lecture: and that at his private lecture, from which priests and their emissaries were excluded, he introduced his aspiring pupils to the unclouded height of science.'

The other supposition is intended to account for the obscurity of his style.

'It has always struck me, that many of Aristotle's tracts are little more than the skeletons of lectures to be embodied by the philosopher when speaking in the lyceum; for there is often such abruptness in his introduction of passages, such violence in his transitions, and such elliptical brevity in his thoughts and expressions, that without this belief, his mode of writing is inexplicable.

The Stoics seem ever to have employed their thoughts and ingenuity, on diminishing the horror of death. They first denied their wise man the use of his senses and affections. He was to suffer misfortunes without affliction, and prosperity without pleasure. The separation of his intimates, either by distance or by death, was of equal consequence. When the creature was made thus insensible and nearly inanimate, the transition to the grave was easily reconcilable. But lest any fears should arise on its nearer approach, a number of terms were invented, remarkable more for their smartness and pungency than their meaning, which it was hoped would entirely disarm death of its terrors. Thus it was called a long and unbroken repose, without dreams; a voyage for which we need not be at the trouble of taking in any provisions. 'Why need we fear him?' says Burton, in the words of an ancient Stoic; 'for when death is, we are not: and when we are, death is not;' with fifty other conceits, which rather evince fear than courage on reflecting on the final departure from the world. On this subject the following is a specimen of good reasoning:

'They talked contemptuously of death: Seneca says, death has nothing dreadful. This is true; but he and his sect discourse too much and too boastfully concerning their contempt of it, not to make their sincerity suspected. He that cries out frequently in the day of battle, 'I am not afraid,' is pusillanimous; and the bravo in peace, is commonly a poltroon when called into action. No man is indifferent to what often occupies his thoughts and conversation.'

It is surprising that an understanding sound as Mr. Ensor's, which detects fallacies in the wisest and most profound of men, should pay so much homage to human wisdom, which at the best is imperfect, as to give it a seeming preference to the pure and unimpeached precepts of a religion, whose origin is the Divinity himself. What are the two-fold doctrines of Aristotle, derived from the dreams of the Magi, Brachmans and Egyptian priests; what is the wise man of the stoics, who, to look at death, is forced to disguise it under a cant term, when compared to that doctrine which, while it fits us for the world by disposing the heart to all the charities and duties of life, is preparing us at the same time to leave it without regret?

The next chapter is on philosophical essayists. The comparison of English and French literature is well drawn. Fenelon is here obliged to surrender up an exalted station, which was assigned to him unjustly, and which he filled awkwardly. A more frigid performance than *Telemaque* is hardly to be found. To those who are admirers of prose in stilt we present the following extract on its merits:

'I shall conclude this short enumeration of the French moral essayists with Fenelon. Many perhaps will censure me for placing *Telemaque* in this class. If any one choose to rank it in any other he has my consent. It is true Milton calls Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* in prose, 'a vain amatorious poem; a book of that kind, full of worth and wit;' yet Demetrius Phalereus esteems 'measure essential to poetry.' Hurd advances further, he says, 'not only rhythm, but numbers, properly so called, are essential to poetry.' Without inquiring whether poetry can be composed in prose, which seems a contradiction, the poetry of few nations has existed independent of numbers or measure. That *Telemaque* is not strictly prosaic is certain; and indeed it is easier to say what it is not than what it is. Perhaps it might be called a moral romance.

'It has been extravagantly praised: the interest is nothing. A young man with his travelling tutor, who is a god humanized for the occasion, becomes soon a mere vehicle for instruction: *Telemachus*, under the tutelage of Mentor, is quickly identified with Mentor; and of course we are heedless how they proceed, satisfied that the writer must make his providential deity superior to every accident. This tale has a glut of common-place morality; and though Fenelon eternally affects ornament in his composition, I am certain it does not contain one new simile, or one more happily turned, or more elegantly applied. I am not prejudiced for or against this work; for it never made part of my school exercise: I began to read it at a later period, and I have, after many attempts, reached its conclusion.'

The character of Rousseau has been attempted by many. Mr. Ensor's portrait is antithetical, and an evident imi-

tation of Voltaire's prophecy. But Voltaire will not be imitated. The reader however shall not be deprived of the sketch drawn hastily by our author.

'Never was man so capricious as Rousseau. He dated his letters mysteriously, and wore an Armenian habit: he affirmed, that he became a literary man from his contempt of literature: he called himself Jean Jacques Rousseau; but was offended if another did not dignify him with Monsieur: he bewailed that he was neglected; yet, to attempt serving him was an unpardonable insult: he had so tortured his nature into irritability, that he presumed all Europe was his adversary: he quarrelled with Hume, saying that he proposed to enslave him; thus was Hume's trouble and tenderness requited: he quarrelled with Gluck the composer, asserting that by harmonizing some French poetry, he attempted to belie his opinion, that it was impossible to unite good music with the French language; and he raged against Choiseul for taking Corsica, asserting that it was to hinder a code of laws drawn up by him for its inhabitants from taking effect. In his *Emilius* he recommends a private, in his *Government of Poland*, a public education: he condemned the arts, and cultivated music and literature: he wrote against theatres, and composed an opera; and against romances, and wrote *Eloisa*. He praised the country, and passed the last ten years of his life in the most dirty thoroughfare of Paris: he condemned parents for not educating their own children, and he dismissed his own to an hospital: he was the apostle of liberty, and a capricious tyrant to all who surrounded him: he wrote a project of an universal peace, and made war on all the world.'

Burke has attempted a description of the same phenomenon. The orator refers all his eccentricities to excess of vanity. 'We have had,' said Burke, 'this great founder and instructor of the philosophy of vanity with us in England; and as I have had the best opportunity of observing his behaviour, from day to day, at last there remains no doubt with me, that no other principle guided his understanding, and influenced his heart, than vanity. This failing he possessed in a degree that bordered on madness. 'This irregular eccentric vanity alone caused him, the frantic penitent, to write his frantic confessions, and to seek thus a new kind of celebrity, in which he boldly brought to light the secret and vulgar vices, that were already known to be too often united with talents.' And again: 'he melted with tenderness those who stood in the most distant connection with him; the offspring of his most disgusting passion, on the contrary, he threw from him without any human affection, like a kind of excrement, and sent his children to the Foundling hospital. The bears love, lick, and form their young; but the bears are not philosophers. Yet vanity finds its satisfac-

tion in subverting the course of our natural feelings. Thousands admire the sentimental feeling writer; the tender father is scarcely known in his parish.

We had occasion to remark the total failure of our author in his attempts at poetical description; once, in his portrait of a lady, who has, we hope, by this time set many hearts aching; a second time in an English landscape—time, morning.

In his character of Addison he again offers violence to the natural bent of his mind, which is enterprising and hardy, but neither playful nor poetical.

In describing his style, he says, most unfortunately,

'Here torrents are not precipitated, nor do storms roar; but the dew falls, and the vapours rise with the rising sun: here no cataracts startle, no cascades surprize, but the stream makes sweet music with the pebbles, and the river flows, now dimpling, or as a mirrour smooth, and again meanders through groves of myrtle.'

The first part of these puerilities we suspect to have had its origin in a fine and animated sentence of Johnson's preface to his translation of Lobo, the Portuguese missionary.

On Swift and Hume little is here said deserving attention. The characters of our two great moralists, Johnson and Addison, are well contrasted.

'The Rambler except two numbers was exclusively his own composition: in these he has followed the design of the Spectator; they both consist of moral instruction, ludicrous relations, letters from correspondents, allegories, fables; and, as Addison has commented on the Paradise Lost, so Johnson has criticized the versification of Milton.

'In no other respect do they agree: their style is very different—their humour has no resemblance, Addison's pleasantry is unsought and irresistible. Johnson's is constrained and overcast, like sunshine on a tomb. Their piety also had an opposite character. Addison's religion sat lightly on him; religion oppressed Johnson to misery; his hours were melancholy, his prospects disconsolate: his first address to The Adventurer in a personated character is from the dreary mansions of despair.'

Of his dictionary he writes, 'the narrowness of his zeal was such, that he never quotes an author that was not orthodox. This reminds me of Paul de Foix, who refused seeing François Patrice because he understood that this learned man taught a philosophy not peripatetic.'

A few passages are devoted to writers on political economy. The present ruler of France must either be deeply imbued with Machiavel, or Machiavel wrote the following in the spirit of prophecy;—

"Whoever wishes to govern a state or city, if he does not desire to rule it as a kingdom or a republic, should innovate all things; he should appoint new governors with new titles and new authorities; he should make, as David, the rich poor, and the poor rich; raise new edifices, and abandon the old; change the inhabitants from province to province; in fine, he should so overturn all things that neither degree, nor rank, nor constitution, nor property, exists which has not been derived from him. In this manner Philip, Alexander's father, acted." This corresponds exactly with the politics of his prince. What follows claims the reader's particular attention: "but these are cruel expedients, inimical to the precepts of christianity and the laws of nature."

Mr. E. takes advantage of the opportunity offered by the subject, to speak with freedom, and with good sense, of the bad policy adopted by government towards the Hibernians. It would be difficult to determine how the evils which distract that unhappy land could be remedied. But no minister should accept the reins of government, who is not conscious within himself of powers that enable him to master difficulties. A nation, whose characteristics are genius, bravery, and generosity, should be conciliated by timely concessions, where what is granted contains in itself nothing dangerous to the givers or receivers.

A chapter on historians follows. The defence of Sallust, who is said not to have honoured Cicero, the discomfiter of Catiline's intrigues, is able.

Perhaps he has spoken too cursorily of his merit: but we are apt to esteem Cicero's dexterity in this business by his own report. Cicero was a gross egotist, and in this he overrated his own circum-spection. Instead, therefore, of reproving the justice of the historian, we should, perhaps, rather condemn the vanity of the orator.

The French are still in want of an uninterrupted history of their country. Their *Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire* are merous, and are generally the works of men who took a part in the events which they describe: such were Froissart, Philip de Comines, Sully, de Retz, and even Voltaire. Of this latter our author declares, that his reputation has declined, and will decline. This is mere assertion. As an historian relating contemporary events, he is worthy of implicit credit. This at least was the opinion of Robertson, even on his *General History*, who passes no judgment without lending an hearing to both sides of the question. Voltaire however rests not his fame on history. Politics and events are transitory, and the interest excited by them is frequently known to subside. But wit, the corner-stone of his celebrity, is eternal. It was his opinion that a history should transmit

to posterity an exact transcript of the manners, habits, and costume as it were, of the times which it records. Dignity and gravity, which well befit the historian of times that are gone by, seemed unsuited to the narrator of scenes, and characters of persons familiarly known. It signifies very little, by what name we call the Age of Louis XIV. Call it an essay, or history, it is equally interesting and instructive. But some men require a cheat to be played on their understandings; and turn with incredulity from truth itself, unless accoutred in solemnity. The critic complains, that 'the historian descends from his dignity when he quotes billets, and descants on the fête at Versailles.' In other words he is angry with Voltaire for the prodigious pains which he took in tracing great events to their sources, which like those of mighty rivers, are frequently in themselves shallow and unimportant.

What procured the disgrace of Marlborough, the rise of the tory faction in England, and the deliverance of France from the arms of a genius who had baffled all her generals? 'Quelques paires de gands d'une façon singulière qu'elle (la Duchesse de Marlborough) refusa à la reine, une jette d'eau, qu'elle laissa tomber en sa présence par une méprise affectée, sur la robe de Madame de Masham, changerent la face de l'Europe—Les esprits s'aigürent, &c.'

—ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?

Voltaire was not in fault, if the cause should appear too trifling for an effect so important.

The historian who commemorates actions and persons, on whose names antiquity has put a stamp of veneration, is awed into respect, and accounts gravely, and therefore for the most part erroneously, for the springs of human events. What is this mystery that hangs over cabinets? Where are the sublime talents that call for adoration?

The history of late years has been little more than sanguinary buffoonery. It is disgusting to hear of couriers arriving from certain great courts, the bearers of most important dispatches; of attentions paid to certain ministers, from whence certain advantages may be augured; of three or four hundred thousand men, headed by a leader, full of courage, and only destitute of brains, threatening to annihilate a crafty usurper, who, for the sake of the confusion which it must occasion, wishes the number of his enemies doubled; of immense garrisons, conducted by generals of profound abilities, being put up like nine pins only to be bowled down. No con-

sequences, however serious, can attach to such absurdities respect or veneration.—We regret the poison, which Voltaire infused into a subject of far more importance than the revolutions of nations, or of the world itself: but as an historian we regret his absence. His pungent sense, attired in seeming levity, would be of service to mankind in enabling them to estimate by their true value, councils and politics, which have the air of grave and important. He would hold a mirror up to the eyes of profound reasoners, which would make them laugh at themselves, and probably recant their errors.

The author deems all real friendships between kings and their servants chimerical. Had he forgotten the terms of friendship on which Philip de Comines and Sully lived with their respective masters?

Of Milton's history, the opinion of Monboddo is but too correct. His language is deeply infected with Latin idiom, and he appears bigotted to his style merely because it cost him labour in attaining it.

The egotism of Burnet gave birth to the memoirs of P.P. clerk of this parish. His whole history is cut into petty stories, and produces no one grand or general effect. Monboddo remarks of Hume, that his style is dry and inanimate, without the least colouring of classical elegance. 'I admit,' says our author, 'that when he attempts rapture (a word to which our critic is very partial) he seems to put a violence on the tranquillity of his temper.' This is only another form of words for Monboddo's opinion, which is just. What does Hume mean by the following? "Each line, each word of Catullus has its merit, and I am never tired with the perusal; it is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell after the fiftieth reading is as fresh as ever"!!!! It is inexplicable, and affected besides.

The censure of Robertson is too severe; and the very fault which the author objects is a virtue.

'The first portion of his sentence,' our author says, 'often measures the second; and the divisions are so balanced, that they vibrate on the beam; very different from his opponent, the flurried and rugged Stuart. This desire to swell his periods to their close, has impeded the progress of his narrative with expletive and synonymous expressions. He has introduced short sentences; but they are evidently inserted to obviate his numerous periods perpetually recurring.'

One fault here becomes obvious in the plan adopted by the critic: he seldom if ever produces examples to give validity to his remarks; there is a dogmatical way of asserting his free opinion, as the only true one, which clearly

proves him unused to contradiction. A vast and accumulating mass of information and criticism has been uninterruptedly inserted in his common-place book; and conscious of his great strength, he sometimes hazards opinions which may be asserted in a minute, but which would require much labour in their proof. How is 'Robertson's language infected with colloquial barbarisms?' And where is the fault of being 'laboriously melodious?' If by colloquial barbarisms, Mr. Ensor means vulgar idiom, his assertion would require many examples before it becomes a creed. It is well known that study is requisite in North Britain to attain the English language in its purity and that the idiom and familiar phrases are only to be acquired by a long and colloquial intercourse with the south. The biographer of Robertson, Dugald Stewart, makes the contrary remark, and thinks that the historian preserves his dignity by not admitting that familiarity of expression, which would have become habitual after an early intercourse with the inhabitants of London.

The objection made by Mr. Ensor to his melody, must come from his heart, for the critic has sacrificed very little to the graces of composition. His sentences are homespun; and frequently clogged with nameless names, and elaborate vulgarisms. The contrasted styles however of our three historians are not to be silently passed over.

'With regard to abilities, Hume seems to me to have had the most discriminating intellect; Robertson, the finest feelings; Gibbon, the most ardent mind: Hume excels in explaining difficulties; Robertson, in the few he starts, is not very successful; Gibbon, in fathoming depths and disentangling perplexities, is more adroit than able. Hume confutes with calm superiority; Robertson with benevolence; Gibbon triumphs when he corrects. Considering their notions of government, Hume, who was a commonwealth man in theory, was a prerogative historian. Neither Robertson nor Gibbon are to be reproved for being too popular in their opinions: as to other points connected with the state, Hume and Gibbon were what the French call philosophers, and Robertson is to be praised as having his religious belief uninfected with bigotry.

'They all excelled in learning; if Hume surpassed in metaphysical knowledge, Gibbon was the most extensive reader; polite literature was first his choice; and whenever it presents itself, his joyful powers exert themselves with spontaneous felicity. In selection of matter, and in its arrangement, they also excelled. In style, Hume possesses most ease, Robertson most melody, Gibbon most intrepidity and spirit. Hume's beauties fall artlessly from him, Robertson's are elaborate, Gibbon's rhetorical. Hume sought perspicuity; he is always clear, and sometimes luminous: Robertson cultivated suavity, and he generally attained the object of his care: Gibbon affected perpetual splendour, and success crowned his ambition. I

conclude this with an honourable testimony to the dignity of their understandings; though they were contemporaries, though they aspired to present and eternal fame, and though their common pursuit was history, they lived in friendship together, and in mutual admiration of each other's productions.'

On the appearance of Hume and Smollet, a critic of those days hailed in the former an English Tacitus, in the latter an English Livy. It is a profanation to mention them together. Those who have read Peregrine Pickle, will recognise the same small and vulgar language transferred to the events of nations.

Watson has not been mentioned: for this omission no reason is advanced. If this historian be deemed unfit to be classed with our three great masters, he is at least the first of the second rank, and more deserving of attention, than Clarendon, Burnet or Littleton. His subject is a continuation of Charles the Vth; his language possesses neither extraordinary beauties nor blemishes. His style is smooth, easy, and flowing; and we see no reason for excluding him from a rank with Hume at least, whose characteristic is freedom from faults rather than richness in excellencies. The 6th chapter of Philip the second, recounting the siege of Malta by the Turks under Mustapha and Dragut, should exempt him from neglect. The historian, in commemorating the heroism of La Valetta, and the deeds of a few knights in defending a barren and thankless rock, rises to an elevation of style and description, which, had it continued through other chapters, would have given him an indisputable place among the first English writers. The effect of this extraordinary chapter is nearly that of romance, and the reader feels himself rapt and inspired, while he is instructed.

The merits of Raynal are well discussed. 'Though sometimes well informed, always spirited, and often eloquent; it is rather a declamatory ramble through the world, than a history.' How did Raynal get the following precise and exact information? 'Pres de quarante mille chretiens, dans le royaume ou la province d'Arima s'armerent au nom, et pour le nom de Christ: il se defendirent avec tant de fureur, qu'il n'en survecut pas un seul au carnage, excité par la persecution?' The roarings of Bedlam hardly equal some of appeals to the conscience and clemency of mankind. The same author somewhere talks of millions precipitating themselves into the flames. This is not grandeur: the ideot who proposed mount Athos for the block out of which the statue of Alexander should be carved, would rank among men of sublime imagination, if this be sublimity, or any thing like it.

It was a favourite scheme with Swift to institute an academy for the purpose of directing the language and taste of England upon a plan similar to that of France. Happily for the literature of our country, its great and original geniuses have been allowed to take their free range uncurbed by the shackles imposed by these and similar institutions. The appearance of critics who fix certain standards to excellence, and prescribe nostrums for fine writing, may be ranked among those signs and portents which announce the downfall of grandeur and of power: lecturers and writers on belles lettres, and all the picknickery of literature, were reserved for our times; hence arises that lady-like languor of conception, that insignificance of language, that soft rotundity of period, which places the gentle reader in a sort of fool's paradise, neither quite awake nor quite asleep. Hear our author:

'It was fortunate for Bossuet and eloquence, that the academy, that emanation of despotic policy, had not reduced all to a faultless mediocrity. Had its jurisdiction then prevailed in full force, Bossuet's genius perhaps had sunk beneath its oppression. The academicians added nothing to the French language, and they deducted much from it. D'Ablancourt, Patru, Vaugelas, Coeffetau, had given it form; Montaigne, poignancy; Pascal had added precision, variety, and strength; Balsac made it numerous; Bourdaloue and Bossuet superadded dignity and pathos: and if liberty had survived the revolution, though no time ever fermented more turgid declamations, Mirabeau, who possessed all oratorical qualifications except virtue, had alone carried the grandest eloquence, the popular and political, to its perfection.'

The following remarks on a popular writer, of the order above-mentioned, are just and accurate: after canvassing the merits of different orators, in the senate, at the bar and in the pulpit, he writes,

'Blair's sermons have been praised for their eloquence. I cannot call the dictates of common sense in unimpassioned unornamented language eloquent: and the sermons of this good man have no greater pretensions.'

'After Blair's pages,' says our author, 'you should read a passage from the poets of Johnson, as preparations of steel are recommended when the solids become infirm by the too free application of relaxing medicines.'

We pass the dissertation on poetry and the satyrists, which is at least equal to any discussion of the same subject in our language. Our limits however are so confined, that we are unable to bestow attention to every position, whether it falls

is with, or contradicts our own opinion. For this reason we permit our author to preach up blank verse; call Cowper a poet; and to attack Sterne under the shelter of an insidious note. Other opportunities will most probably occur, during our future critical labours, for enabling us to assert the superiority of the genuine English couplet, to disprove the inspiration of the truly good man who is miscalled a poet, and to repel the assault on one of our greatest humourists. Those who imitate the metrical prose of the sofa, the Cririe's, Grahame's, Bowles', are injurious to literature, because they fully equal their master; and shew how easy it is to be a poet, if his be poetry. Whereas no danger is to be dreaded from the imitations of Mr. Yorick, because on a comparison with their great prototype, they sink into insignificance, pitied and unread. The author no where shews his determination to think for himself more clearly, than in his comparison of Pope with Dryden. It is well worthy of attention.

In his observations on the Italian opera, we hail the lover of sweet sounds in their purity; what language addresses itself so rapidly to the heart as poetry introduced by her sister music?

That enchanting science, which the wisdom of Greece made subservient to the noblest purposes, was in former days undervalued by our countrymen. At present, it is said by those who know not how to distinguish between genius and study, that we are becoming musical. It cannot be denied that more natives are engaged in the study of music than formerly; and the science as far as relates to its mechanism is with us cultivated and understood. But nature or bad precepts have objected an insuperable bar to our proficiency. Music, which among the Italians is the offspring of melancholy and tenderness, is among the English generally the vehicle for licentiousness and the rudest jollity; it is with us an appendage of the banquet only, where melancholy and distress are the least likely to obtrude themselves. 'The superfluity of sound' is added to the inspiration of wine;

στυγίως δὲ βροτῶν ὦδεις λυπᾶται
 ὑπὲρ το μῶσιν καὶ πολυχόρδοις
 ὦδαις παννίν. κ.λ.λ.

Noise is the principal ingredient. Not that we have neglected the amatorial or plaintive departments. Our composers, without end in number, and without a name, have applied themselves to the study of what is called an exquisitely refined and polished style. But their rude noise is more sufferable than their clumsy refinement. In this branch our

composers and singers have recourse to imposition in all its shapes, under the false pretence of graces, to hide their want of genius, science or voice. Our climate is indisputably unfavourable to the latter, which cannot be expected either so clear or powerful as in countries less exposed to sudden changes. But our greatest deficiency is national taste, which forsakes the simplicity, plaintiveness and ease of the Italian, for abstruse, difficult, and tawdry compositions. The highest excellence of what is called a fine English singer, is the encounter of apparent difficulties. His aim is to surprise; which is far easier than to please. For it may be considered as an established truth, that exaggerated ornament is an evasion by which a bad voice escapes detection, which would be exposed by the production of a simple tone. This is the mere juggling of the art; it surprises a little those who are unacquainted with the trick; it plays round the head, but fails in all its attempts upon the heart. To use our author's words, 'it can never convince the soul, nor sway the passions.' Let composers remember the command of the Ephori to Emeripes, a complicated musician, 'do not debase music'—then we shall see music fulfil the poet's wise command,

' Arise as in the elder time
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime;
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales thy sons relate, &c.'

The Germans are of all nations the most scientific. But there is something of the commentator which obtrudes itself on every thing German, and their compositions present us rather with a dissertation on music, than the enchantment of the art itself. The Italians, having discovered the key to the heart, yield the palm of science to their laborious rivals, and are content to lose it. The similarity of some ancient Scottish and Russian airs to Italian melodies is too obvious to escape notice. To account for it would be difficult. Some have pleased themselves with attributing to David Rizzio the introduction of music into Scotland, as if the peculiar habits and genius of one man, and that a foreigner, could have communicated themselves to a nation. Others have indulged in the pleasing delusion that the antient Lydian and Ionian measures are perpetuated among the inhabitants of Moscovy. These men are dreamers—but they dream like poets, and we would shut our eyes for the same enjoyment.

We should not have paused so long on this subject, but from a conviction of the importance of pure and chaste music to natural taste and manners, and we have generally

remarked in those who are insensible to its power, that music is not the only delight of which they are unsusceptible, or the only grace in which they are deficient.

Much yet remains to be noticed in this work, which seems to us to be so deserving the attention of the public, that we shall feel ourselves justified, contrary to our usual practice, in deferring the conclusion of our remarks to another article.

(To be continued.)

ART. III.—*Philosophical Transactions of London for the Year 1806. Part II. 4to. 10s. 6d. Nichol.*

X.—*Observations upon the Marine Barometer, made during the Examination of the Coasts of New Holland and New South Wales, in the Years 1801, 1802, 1803. By Matthew Flinders, Esq. Commander of his Majesty's Ship Investigator.* This paper contains, as its title announces, observations made on the barometer: together with the observations, the author notices the direction and magnitude of the wind, and the preceding and succeeding temperatures; and he is of opinion that a knowledge of the rise and fall of the barometer, and of certain concomitant circumstances, will be of very great use to the navigator, and especially when the vessel is near a coast. The reasons for this opinion are properly founded on observations recorded in this paper. We hope that every commander employed like Mr. Flinders in the service of government will be instructed to make observations on the barometer and compass. Astronomy has contributed largely to the perfection of navigation: other sciences ought to contribute their share.

XV.—*A new Demonstration of the Binomial Theorem, when the Exponent is a negative or positive Fraction. By the Rev. Abram Robertson. p. 305.*

If n be a whole number, then by a legitimate and easy process we may prove

$$\text{that, } (1+x)^n = 1 + nx + n \cdot \frac{n-1}{2} x^2 + n \cdot \frac{n-1}{2} \cdot \frac{n-2}{3} x^3 + \&c.$$

$$\text{similarly that, } (1+x)^m = 1 + mx + m \cdot \frac{m-1}{2} x^2 + m \cdot \frac{m-1}{2} \cdot \frac{m-2}{3} x^3 + \&c.$$

$$\frac{m-2}{3}x^3 + \&c.$$

m being also a whole number.

Now if we multiply the first series by the second, the respective terms shall be

$$1, (m+n) x, \left(\frac{m^2-m}{2} + \frac{n^2-n}{2} + mn \right) x^2 + \&c.$$

$$\text{or, } 1, (m+n) x, \left\{ m+n \left(\frac{m+n-1}{2} \right) \right\} x^2 + \&c.$$

Or the actual multiplication shall give the very same coefficients affecting the powers of x , as we obtain from developing $(1+x)^{m+n}$ on the supposition that the development of $(1+x)^{m+n}$ follows the same law as that of $(1+x)^m$ and of $(1+x)^n$; in other words, that $(1+x)^m$ is always formed according to the same law, provided that m be an integer number.

Now, Mr. Robertson remarks that in the multiplication of $(1+x)^m$ and of $(1+x)^n$, the equality between the coefficients affecting certain powers of x and of the coefficients affecting the same powers of x when $(1+x)^{m+n}$ is expanded according to the law of the binomial, does not depend on the values m and n ; which is true: hence n and m being any two fractions whatever, if the series expressing the expansion of $(1+x)^n$ be multiplied into the series for $(1+x)^m$, the result must be $1 + \frac{n+m}{2}x + (n+m) \frac{n+m-1}{2}x^2 + \&c.$

If therefore the series

$1 + \frac{x}{r} + \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{r} \cdot \frac{1}{r} - 1 \right) x^2 + \&c.$ be multiplied into itself, from the above property it must be

$$1 + \frac{2}{r}x + \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{2}{r} \frac{2}{r} - 1 \right) x^2 + \&c.$$

and if, r times into itself, the resulting series must be

$$1 + \frac{r}{r}x + \frac{1}{2} \left\{ \frac{r}{r} \frac{r}{r} - 1 \right\} x^2 + \&c.$$

but this series $= 1+x$; consequently the series from which it was produced, viz.

$$1 + \frac{1}{r}x + \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{r} \frac{1}{r} - 1 \right) x^2 + \&c.$$

must be the r^{th} root of $1+x$; in other words, that series is equal $(1+x)^{\frac{1}{r}}$, or the developement of $(1+x)^{\frac{1}{r}}$ is according to the same law which the developement of the integral powers of the binomial follows.

It is plain from this description of the method that the proof is not a direct one: the series for $(1+x)^{\frac{1}{r}}$ is assumed according the law that $(1+x)^n$ (n a whole number) follows, and then the assumption is proved to be true, by shewing that the series multiplied r times into itself becomes $1+x$. This proof, although perhaps it satisfies the mind, yet stands not in the situation of a direct proof: besides, the proof has no claim to originality, for Newton adopts the same method: he says

$$'(1-x^2)^{\frac{1}{2}} \text{ valeret } 1 - \frac{1}{2}x^2 - \frac{1}{8}x^4 - \&c.$$

$$(1-x^2)^{\frac{1}{2}} \quad 1 - \frac{1}{3}x^2 + \frac{3}{8}x^4 - \&c.'$$

and then he adds 'Nam ut probarein has operationes, multiplicavi $1 - \frac{1}{2}x^2 - \&c.$ in se, et factum est $1 - x^2$ terminis reliquis in infinitum evanescentibus per continuationem seriei. Atque ita $1 - \frac{1}{3}x^2 + \frac{3}{8}x^4 - \&c.$ bis in se ductum produxit $1 - x^2$, &c. (Epist. ad D. Oldenburgum Octob. 24, 1676 data, cum Leibnitio communicanda.)

The same kind of proof too, if our memory does not fail us, has been adopted by the Baron Maseres in some of the volumes of the *Scriptores Logarithmici*.

We have said, that a proof of the kind adopted by Dr. R. may satisfy the mind with regard to the truth of the assumption of

$$(1+x)^{\frac{1}{r}} = 1 + \frac{1}{r}x + \&c.$$

but still the assumption is not beyond the reach of doubt and controversy: An enquiring student might demand, and not in the spirit of cavil, 'Is there no other series, the coefficients of which are formed after a law different from the

above law, which when multiplied into itself r times is reduced to $1 + x^r$?

$$x^{\frac{n}{r}} + \frac{n}{r} x^{\frac{n}{r}-1} z + 1 \cdot \frac{n}{r} \frac{n}{r} - 1 x^{\frac{n}{r}-2} + 2 \cdot \frac{n}{r} \left(\frac{n}{r} - 1 \right)$$

$\frac{n}{r} \frac{n}{r} - 1$, is reduced to $x+z$ when $n = r$, but such series is not produced from the r^{th} root of $x+z$.

This paper occupies twenty-one pages, and considering its importance and the particular point it intended to establish, it is, in our opinion, unnecessarily prolix and dilated. It ought to have been comprised within a fourth of its present dimensions, and it might have been so comprised without any injury to the clearness of its statements or to the accuracy of its deductive processes.

XVI.—*New Method of computing Logarithms.* By Thomas Manning, Esq. p. 527.—If we assume N to represent a number, and put

$$N - \frac{N}{10} = R$$

$$R - \frac{R}{10} = R'$$

$$R' - \frac{R'}{10} = R''$$

$$\& R^{(p)} - \frac{R^{(p)}}{10} = p$$

$$\text{then } N = \frac{10R}{9} = \frac{10^2 R'}{9^2} = \frac{10^3 R''}{9^3} \&c = \frac{10^n p}{9^n},$$

or if any of the quantities $R''' R^{iv}$, &c. had been thus formed:

$$R'' - \frac{R''}{100} = R'''$$

$$R''' - \frac{R'''}{100} = R^{iv} \&c.$$

or thus:

$$R^{iv} - \frac{R^{iv}}{10m} = R^v$$

$$R^v - \frac{R^v}{10m} = R^{vi} \&c.$$

then N would equal $\frac{10^3}{9^3} \cdot \frac{100}{99} R^m = \frac{10^3}{9^3} \cdot \frac{(100)^2}{(99)^2} R^{11}$

$$= \frac{10^3}{9^3} \cdot \frac{(100)^2}{(99)^2} \cdot \frac{(10)^m}{999 \dots} R^r \text{ \&c.}$$

$$= \frac{10^3}{9^3} \cdot \frac{(100)^2}{(99)^2} \dots \frac{1000 \dots m}{999 \dots m} \cdot \rho$$

Hence $\log. N = 3 \log. \frac{10}{9} + 2 \log. \frac{100}{99} + \&c + m \log.$

$$\frac{1000 \dots}{999 \dots} \log. \rho.$$

Or, if instead of 3 there were m operations of this sort, $R - \frac{R}{10}$

if instead of 2 there were m' operations of this sort, $R - \frac{R}{100}$

and then $\log. N = m \log. \frac{10}{9} + m' \log. \frac{100}{99} + m'' \log. \frac{1000}{999}$

+ &c. + $\log. \rho$.

This is the theorem upon which the computations in the present paper are founded: and it is moulded into the preceding form, because the computation of the logarithms of

$\frac{10}{9} \frac{100}{99}$ &c. is easily made, thus

$$\text{hyp. log. } \frac{10}{9} = \text{hyp. log. } \frac{10}{10-1} = \text{hyp. log. } \left(\frac{1}{1-\frac{1}{10}} \right)$$

$$= \frac{1}{10} + \frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{(10)^2} + \frac{1}{3} \frac{1}{(10)^3} + \&c.$$

$$\text{similarly hyp. log. } \frac{100}{99} = \frac{1}{100} + \frac{1}{2} \frac{1}{(100)^2} + \frac{1}{3} \frac{1}{(100)^3}$$

+ &c. &c.

With respect to ρ , the last remainder, the operation of subtracting must be continued, till ρ is an unit integer followed by half as many decimal cyphers as the number of places worked to: for in this case since $\rho = 1 + \rho - 1$, $\text{hyp. log. } \rho = \text{hyp. log. } \{1 + (\rho - 1)\} = (\rho - 1) - \frac{1}{2} (\rho - 1)^2$

+ &c. = $\rho - 1$,

or equals the decimal part of ρ , since the first significant figure in $(\rho - 1)^2$ would stand to the right of the last significant figure in $\rho - 1$.

The peculiar advantage of this method is, the facility of computing the hyp. logarithms of $\frac{10}{9}$, $\frac{100}{99}$, &c. and of obtaining the quantity ρ ; for ρ is obtained by a simple process of subtraction.

Suppose it were required to find the hyperbolic logarithm of 2;

$$N = 2$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2 \\ \cdot 2 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \cdot 3 = R \\ \cdot 18 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \cdot 62 = R' \\ 162 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \cdot 458 = R'' \\ 1458 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \cdot 3122 = R''' \\ 13122 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \cdot 18098 = R^{iv} \\ 118098 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$1 \cdot 062882 = R^v$$

The operation $R - \frac{R}{10}$ have
ing been made 6 times,
 $m = 6$.

Now we must not subtract $\frac{R^v}{10}$ from R_v , for were we to do so, there would be no integer unit in the next remainder, and we must retain an unit in order to compute conveniently the last remainder $\rho : \frac{R^v}{100}$ must therefore be subtracted, thus

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \cdot 062882 \\ 1062882 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

$$1 \cdot 05225318 = R^{vi}$$

and continuing this operation, it will be found that there are 6 operations such as $R^{vi} - \frac{R^{vi}}{100} \therefore m' = 6$;

moreover, that we must perform 6 operations such as

$$R - \frac{R}{10000}, 8 \text{ such as } R - \frac{R}{100000}, 2 \text{ such as } R - \frac{R}{1000000},$$

consequently $m'' m''' m^{iv}$ are respectively $\cong 6, 8, 2$: and the last remainder ρ will be found $= 1.0000000411896$.

Hence

$$\begin{aligned} \text{hyp. log. } 2 &\cong 6 \text{ h. l. } 1. \frac{10}{9} + 6 \text{ h. l. } \frac{100}{99} + 6 \text{ h. l. } \frac{10000}{9999} \\ &+ 8 \text{ h. l. } \frac{10^5}{99999} + 2 \text{ h. l. } \frac{10^6}{999999} + .0000000411896. \end{aligned}$$

The author gives a table in which the hyp. logs. of $\frac{10}{9}, \frac{100}{99}$ &c. and of their multiples, are put down: so that

the preceding arithmetical computation is easily effected.

After the method above described the hyp. logarithms of numbers less than 2 may be computed; in order to find the hyp. logarithms of numbers greater than 2, such numbers must be previously reduced by division, powers of 2 being

the divisors, thus $5 = 2^2 \cdot \frac{5}{4} = 2^2 \cdot (1.25)$

$$\text{hyp. log. } 5 = \text{h. l. } 1.25 + 2 \text{ h. l. } 2$$

and h. l. (1.25) may be computed as above.

$$\text{Again, } 10 = 2^3 \cdot \frac{10}{8} = 2^3 (1.25)$$

$$13 = 2^3 \cdot \frac{13}{8} = 2^3 (1.625)$$

$$\therefore \text{hyp. log. } 13 = 3 \text{ h. l. } 2 + \text{h. l. } 1.625$$

$$5548748 = 10^6 (5.548748) = 10^6 \cdot 2^2 \cdot \left\{ \frac{5.548748}{4} \right\}$$

$$= 10^6 \cdot 2^2 (1.387187)$$

$$\text{consequently h. l. } (5548748) = 6 \text{ h. l. } 10 + 2 \text{ h. l. } 2 + \text{h. l. } (1.387187)$$

We have sufficiently, we trust, described the principle and conduct of this logarithmic computation for the comprehension of our mathematical readers: The computation, as we have already said, is very simple, plain, and certain: it may be performed, in all cases, by any arithmetician. The invention of the principle of the computation is highly creditable to the ingenuity of its author.

XVIII.—*Observations on the Permanency of the Variation of the Compass at Jamaica. In a Letter from Mr. James Robertson.* p. 348.

The circumstance related, and we may add, established in this paper, is a very remarkable one: since 1660 the compass has not varied at Jamaica; it is now what it was then and in Halley's time, $6\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east. Admitting the accuracy of Mr. Robertson's narration, the grounds on which this fact is established are very sure and satisfactory. All grants of land were formerly accompanied with a diagram or map of the land: the map was constructed by a magnetic meridian, and in a map of the same land or estate, the direction of the magnetic meridian still continues the same. Since the original grant, new maps have been often constructed, and when of the same estates, they are found invariably to agree with the ancient maps in the direction of the magnetic meridian; there is in Jamaica very little difficulty, according to Mr. R., of ascertaining the original boundaries of estates; if the bounding line ran through a forest, notches were cut in a succession of trees to mark such bounding line; many of the trees and the notches still remain, consequently it is easy to determine the inclination of these bounding lines with the meridian lines: the comparison of the present inclination with the former inclination affords results such as we have noticed.

Add to this, particular districts were formerly divided by boundaries running north and south (magnetic) or east and west: they still, examined by the compass, are north and south, east and west.

The circumstance related in this paper, were we ignorant of the variation of the magnetic needle, would not be in the least remarkable: it is now remarkable from our previous knowledge of a circumstance, in itself, more remarkable. The theory of the compass is scarcely at all understood; yet that it is not understood, forms the subject rather of regret than of complaint: other sciences are invaded or subdued by the industry and perseverance of philosophers; but the science of magnetism, or rather magnetism, baffles research, and its secrets will probably not be discovered, except by the unexpected light of some happy discovery.

XX.—*Observations on the Variation, and on the Dip of the Magnetic Needle, made at the Apartments of the Royal Society between the Years 1786 and 1805 inclusive, by Mr. George Gilpin.* p. 385.

In the commencement of the paper Mr. Gilpin describes
S 2

the situation of the compass, and the manner of observing its variation. He then proceeds to state that his tables, which are added to the paper, were constructed from observations made every day during sixteen months, and from observations made each day, at short and stated intervals. These observations are arranged in table 1st, which occupies sixteen pages. Table 3d, contains, besides the mean monthly true variation and mean diurnal alteration of variation for the above sixteen months, the mean monthly true variation and diurnal alteration of variation for many months in the year, between the years 1786 and 1805, inclusive.

About 1775 the variation was found to increase annually nearly $10'$, but since that time till the present the rate of increase has diminished: it is now very small, and it seems as if the variation was arrived at its extremest westerly point.

In regard to the diurnal variation, that appears to be stationary about 7 or 8 in the morning, and about 1 or 2 in the afternoon; it is least at the former time, greatest at the latter.

From observations made at London during 200 years, it appears that the annual increase of the variation has been nearly the same; but in a subsequent period of 18 years the decrease of the annual increase has been very rapid, so much so, that the annual increase from 1795 to 1805 has not exceeded $1'$.

The concluding remarks of Mr. Gilpin are so just that they deserve to be here noticed and inserted:

'I cannot conclude this paper without expressing my regret, that so little avail should have been made of the numerous opportunities which have been afforded to travellers and others in the last century for making accurate observations with proper instruments, at land, on the variation in different parts of the world; such observations would probably have afforded some curious and useful facts, which would have materially assisted in forming a theory much more certain than what we at present possess: the present received opinion of the cause of the diurnal alteration of variation would be confirmed or invalidated; its quantity of effect in different places, a most desirable acquisition, would be ascertained; and we should be put in possession of more valuable and correct information on the variation than can be derived from observations made with the common azimuth compass, even at land, owing to its imperfect construction. The variation thus accurately obtained at any one period, compared with the variation correctly ascertained at a subsequent period, would give a rate of alteration of the variation which could be relied on.

'The celebrated Halley thought the variation of so much importance, that he made two voyages for the purpose of making observations on the variation, to confirm his theory advanced in 1683, and soon after he published his variation chart. Since his time no better theory than he left has been obtained, although it must be confessed that many observations have been made at sea by voyagers; but these observations, made generally to answer the purpose of the observer at the time only, are therefore seldom preserved; for unless made by authority, which rarely happens, they do not often meet the public eye; and it must be from observations made with care, and with good instruments, carefully registered and properly arranged, that any real advantage can be derived. It is hoped therefore, that in future attention to this subject will not be thought beneath those who may have it in their power essentially to promote an undertaking so interesting to the philosopher, and so valuable and useful to the maritime world.'

XXI.—*On the Declinations of some of the principal fixed Stars; with a Description of an astronomical Circle, and some Remarks on the Construction of circular Instruments.* By John Pond, Esq. p. 420.

The observations on the declinations of the fixed stars were made with an astronomical circle two feet and a half diameter, made by that excellent artist Mr. Troughton. Mr. Pond compares his observations with the Greenwich and certain Armagh observations, and then suggests an ingenious and a very simple mode, of correcting the latitudes of places. The declination of a star is the difference between its altitude in the meridian and the height of the equator above the horizon: the latter height is the colatitude of the place of observation. Hence, since with good instruments and careful observation we may always suppose the meridional altitudes accurately determined, the declination of the star must depend on the latitude of the place; and hence, since the declination is the same quantity, if at different places the declinations of the same stars should be found to be different, it would follow that the latitudes of the places of observations were inaccurately determined, and required some correction. Agreeably to the principle of this method, Mr. Pond has examined the declinations of the same stars, as put down from observations made at Greenwich, Armagh, &c. and thinks that the following corrections ought to be applied to the colatitudes:

| | | |
|-----------|------|----|
| Greenwich | + 1" | |
| Armagh | + 1" | 3 |
| Palermo | — 1" | |
| Westbury | — 0" | 25 |

This paper concludes with the description of Mr. Troughton's instrument, and with the register or table of Mr. Pond's observations.

XXII.—*Observations and Remarks on the Figure, the Climate, and the Atmosphere of Saturn, and its Ring. By William Herschell, L.L.D. F.R.S. p. 455.*

The curious phenomenon announced last year by Dr. H., was the figure of Saturn, flattened towards the poles, but not bulging out towards the equatorial parts: such figure evidently does not result from the ordinary and obvious effects of a centrifugal force: and on first considerations, it does not seem to be the consequence of the attraction of the ring. But, before that laborious investigations are entered upon for the purpose of ascertaining the physical cause, the phenomenon ought satisfactorily and certainly to be verified. Dr. H. has again made his observations, and perseveres in his former statement: he says, the greatest curvature is about the latitude of 40 degrees, but he a little alters his former proportion between the polar and equatorial diameters: this proportion according to the present paper ought to be that of 35,41 : 32. In confirmation of his present opinion the learned astronomer finds an observation made 18 years ago. It is this:

'August 2, 1788, 21^h 58'. 20 feet reflector, power 300. Admitting the equatorial diameter of Saturn to lie in the direction of the ring, the planet is evidently flattened at the poles. I have often before, and again this evening, supposed the shape of Saturn not to be spheroidal (like that of Mars and Jupiter) but much flattened at the poles, and also a very little flattened at the equator; but this wants more exact observations.'

The peculiarity in the figure of Saturn, according to Dr. H., cannot be observed with low magnifying powers, except it be previously observed with high magnifying powers: this may be a true circumstance, but it is an odd circumstance, what we should not have expected.—We hope for further observations of this phenomenon, from the ingenious and indefatigable author of this paper.

ART. IV.—*Manual of Health: or, the Invalid conducted safely through the Seasons. To be continued occasionally. 12mo. 5s. boards. Johnson. 1806.*

THE object of most popular treatises on the subject of health, is to inform mankind on the nature and cure of fre-

quent and unimportant ailments, and to supersede the necessity of recurring to the aid of medical practitioners for every trivial disorder. The writer of this manual seems to have an opposite end in view. He is afraid to trust the uninitiated on the slightest occasion, and is exhorting them to be perpetually consulting the authorised venders of health. A common cold ought not be allowed to continue three days without a prescription; nor is the simple treatment he recommends to be ventured upon by unprofessional people '*without advice.*' It seems then that the people are not to meddle for an instant with that, the care of which it is their daily and hourly concern to preserve. They are to be kept in a perpetual state of pupilage, and the greatest knowledge they can hope to attain, is to judge when it is needful to apply to the regular professors. Of the power and dignity of these professors, he would impress us with the most exalted ideas. The road of life, we are informed, is dangerous from the intricacy of its branchings. Terrible are the difficulties consequent upon taking a false direction: dark hollow ways, deep sloughs, inextricable thickets overgrown with piercing thorns, stand ready to receive the bewildered traveller at every turn:

'In all these bye places are planted persons, bearing some analogy to the monks of St. Gothard. Their office is to raise the fallen, to pour balm into the wounds of the hurt, and above all to reconduct wanderers into the right path. Part of them are stationed in the right path itself to disarm the thunder cloud and give assistance in case of accident.'

If these beneficent beings fail to be of service, it is not, we are told, from their own want of power, but principally because, from ignorance and conceit, numbers without number neglect applying in time to the helpers or guides. And we sometimes find it brazenly asserted, and sometimes more darkly insinuated, that in the most formidable disorders fatality is principally caused, either by this tardiness in applying for advice, or by perversely neglecting their salutary precepts.

This is all very fine; and when we see these sapient professors live themselves exempt from the evils of life; when we see them preserve their own persons from gout, their wives from cancers, and their children from consumptions, the public will doubtless give credit to such magnificent pretensions. Doctors ourselves, we can have neither wish nor object in disparaging an honourable and useful profession. But those who indulge in inflated and hyperbolical descriptions of its powers, must be thoroughly ignorant of its

just objects and legitimate utility. These idle boastings have been contradicted by the experience of all ages, nor have they ever been countenanced by the great improvers of medicine. On the contrary, they have acknowledged the imperfections of their art, and have deplored the innumerable occasions in which it disappoints their hopes. How ridiculous then are they if they, proceed from one, who has spent his life in senseless and abortive projects; in perpetually exciting the expectations and hopes of the public, and in as constantly disappointing them?

From this view of the notions and objects of the author, it will be seen that we are not to expect any thing of medicine properly so called from the work before us. The first part of the volume is occupied by a treatise (sufficiently tedious) on the feeble sensitive temperament, its signs and causes. '*On Sensibility*' is a title sufficiently attractive for the class of readers for whom the work is obviously designed; we mean that portion of the fashionable community, who amuse themselves with medical chit chat; and whose opinions give the vogue to a fashionable milliner, a fashionable doctor, or a fashionable medicine. Hot and close rooms, sedentary habits, originally enfeebled stamina, tea-drinking, light clothing, and so forth, are thought to be the chief causes to which is attributed the diminished vigour of the present race. And to correct it we are directed to be provided with some pursuit, which shall keep the mind alert and the body in exercise. Doubtless, the advice is very good. But as it has been already given a thousand times, we cannot form great expectations from this repetition of it.

In the part which corresponds with the title of the book we meet with some very common-place remarks on catarrh; a receipt to make pomade de vie; directions against chilblains; orders to prevent cold feet, by a mustard fermentation; cold knees, by mustard poultices, and to apply the same to a bald head if cold; with some delectable remarks on fleecy hosiery.* We are moreover very seriously informed that catching cold in wet weather is certainly to be in part ascribed to abundant moisture. Very kindly therefore does he caution us against wet feet; and more abundant in his goodness in giving us a preservative against the danger. As we wish to enrich our pages with good things wherever we find them, we shall transcribe the following receipt, trusting that our readers will set a proper value upon it, as coming from the pen of a very eminent philosopher:

' Melt of Rosin, 4 parts;
Bees wax, 6 parts;
Mutton suet, 8 parts;
with Linseed oil, 16 parts.'

This mixture warmed and frequently applied to the upper leather and soles of the shoes, is said to have kept the feet of the philosopher himself and of others perfectly dry in all the dirt of a wet season.

We are also at one page frightened with an anathema against buttered toast and tea; at a second gravely instructed that throwing up our sashes is apt to give us cold, and at a third disgusted with a filthy tale about *des lavemens d'eau*, which our author seems to think very amusing.

But we have not room for all the wise remarks and profound cautions to be met with in this collection. By the specimens we have given, our readers may judge of the remainder. We shall therefore conclude by observing, that our author seems thoroughly to understand the advantages of anonymous publication. It is an useful screen against the contempt and censure of the learned; and assertions may in this form be hazarded, which no one who has the slightest regard for character would dare openly to maintain. For example, what writer of common decency would venture to set his name to the following sentence?

' To me there appears little more difficulty in distinguishing this complaint (*dropsy of the brain*) than any other deep-seated local inflammation, and not at all more difficulty in subduing it. In this, as in all others, active measures are to be early employed. When left to itself, it destroys in about three weeks. At any time within the first week I believe it will generally yield to art: but within the first three days, *proper proceedings are followed by certain success.*'

This too is said of a disease, of which we know not that half a dozen genuine instances of recovery are to be found in the records of medicine! As we cannot suppose this gross falsehood to arise from ignorance, to what are we to attribute it but to downright impudence and imposture? But as the wanton spreads her gauze to heighten the charms she affects to conceal, so the veil of this coquettish writer is made designedly transparent. Thus all the gossips may be in doubt whether most to admire, the prodigious skill or the wonderful modesty of the author. Oh empiricism, how Proteiform are thy disguises! As often art thou found lurking under the full bottomed wig of a doctor, as in the harlequin jacket of a mountebank. We have observ-

ed through life that the most designing and often the most successful of empyrics are those who are perpetually railing against the frauds of quacks, the artifices of pretenders, and the credulity of mankind. The work before us has not served to alter our opinions.

ART. V.—*A Portraiture of Quakerism, as taken from a View of the Moral Education, Discipline, peculiar Customs, Religious Principles, political and civil Economy and Character of the Society of Friends. By Thomas Clarkson, M.A. Author of several Essays on the Subject of the Slave Trade. Three vols. 8vo. 1l. 7s. boards. Longman. 1806.*

MR. Clarkson, the author of these interesting volumes, is well known and highly celebrated, not only in this country but in every part of civilized Europe, where the sympathies of humanity are still alive, for his zealous, long and unceasing exertions in favour of the abolition of the slave trade. To this great and good cause Mr. Clarkson has devoted many of the most valuable years of his life; and in the prosecution of it he has sacrificed both his interest and his health. When we consider the spirit, unbroken by resistance and undismayed by obstacles, which Mr. Clarkson has exhibited in this 'labour of love,' we cannot help ranking him with the purest philanthropists of any age or country. We by no means wish to depreciate the merits of Mr. Wilberforce in this important question; but we must assert that the superiority of praise belongs to Mr. Clarkson. It was owing to Mr. Clarkson that the question was first agitated; it is his indefatigable zeal, by which such a mass of damning evidence was collected against this abominable traffic; it is Mr. Clarkson who has travelled from one extremity of the kingdom to another in search of proof; it is he, who has brought facts to light respecting this unchristian commerce, which would otherwise have for ever been concealed; it is Mr. Clarkson who has devoted his days and nights to a variety of exertions and of toil, beneath the pressure of which there is hardly any individual who would not have sunk in despair. The history of his travels, correspondence, &c. on this memorable business would of itself form several volumes of considerable interest. We trust that the name of Mr. Clarkson, whatever may be the opposition which he has experienced from the selfish and the intolerant of

any sect or party, or the detraction with which he may have been assailed by those who are enemies to the diffusion of liberty and knowledge, will long shine resplendent among those who deserve to be styled the benefactors of mankind. This is no extravagance of eulogy; it is only the fair meed of virtue, the just retribution of philanthropy.

We will now proceed to the consideration of the Portraiture of Quakerism. The quakers, greatly to their credit, have always signalized themselves by their opposition to the trade in slaves. While it was either approved or at least not openly censured by other sects, they bore testimony against it. They boldly condemned its cruelty and injustice; and their conduct on this occasion reflects the highest honour on their principles and their practice. It was the determined opposition of the quakers to this iniquitous commerce in human flesh, which principally contributed to produce Mr. Clarkson's intimacy with the sect, which carried him so often to their houses, and rendered him so well acquainted with their sentiments, their habits and their manners. In his numerous and repeated visits to the houses of the society of friends, Mr. Clarkson was enabled to acquire a knowledge of their discipline, and habits beyond what has ever been obtained by any other individual not immediately connected with the society; and this knowledge he has communicated in the present work.

The great object of quakerism, which in this respect is certainly more closely assimilated to the true genius of christianity than that of any other sect, appears to be the formation of moral character, that transcendent excellence of enlightened humanity, which more than any thing else exalts the nature and elevates the hopes of man. And the means which the quakers employ for this noble purpose seem admirably adapted to answer the end for which it is designed. The discipline to which they oblige their youth to submit, is better calculated than any with which we are acquainted to train them up in habits of virtue, and to promote the great end of moral education,—the subjection of the passions. Sensual pleasure is the rock on which youth most frequently split; but while we behold the youth of other sects so often wrecked on this alluring but fatal shore, how seldom do we hear of any quaker-youths, who become the victims of an intemperate or libidinous prodigality? The reason is, that the quakers lose no time and spare no pains in subjecting the immature mind to moral restraint; and by assiduous application they infuse into the manners and the sentiments a degree of mildness and moderation, combined with a sort of intellectual gravity, which most effec-

tually curbs the propensity to any excessive indulgence or any lawless dissipation. They sow the seeds of sobriety and temperance at a time when they are most likely to root themselves in the heart, and to communicate a salutary influence to the whole future life. They strictly prohibit the practice of, and effectually bar the access to, all pleasures and amusements, which are not compatible with virtue and with innocence. What christianity most imperiously commands is the habit of self-government, as it includes a reasonable controul over all the desires, the passions and affections; and this habit the quakers employ the most efficacious methods to produce.

Gaming is one of those vices, which seems prevalent in every state of society, and to which avarice is for ever furnishing incentives. The quakers observing this propensity, and beholding in it the most ruinous consequences to individuals and to society, very wisely proscribe the use of all games of chance; and no genuine quaker ever plays for a moneyed stake. While many reverend divines of other denominations are seen busily engaged in games of hazard and chance, a quaker constantly shuns them with virtuous horror and aversion. Cards, dice, horse-racing, cockfighting, and numberless other fashionable ways of wasting money and time, of marring and vitiating the heart, constitute no part of the amusements of the quakers. They seek more innocent and more salutary recreations. Even the minute and apparently inconsiderable species of gaming are utterly at variance with their maxims and their practice, though the world in general are so far from considering them as either vicious or mischievous, that they are regarded not only as matters of indifference but as means of innocent diversion. But can that be indifferent or innocent which has an invariable tendency to spoil the temper and to encourage the growth of a fraudulent or malevolent disposition? Can that be esteemed a harmless pastime, in which no pleasure can be purchased but by another's pain? The sensations of benevolence are more sweet than any other; they are the product of that virtue which is the most pure; but are not these sensations almost uniformly banished from the card table even when the stake is low and the betting not high? Do we not often observe people who at other times appear to possess a cheerful disposition and unruffled benignity, who no sooner sit down to the seductive game than the noxious power seems to render them sullen, peevish and irascible? Though no material interest be involved in the issue of the game, their sensations seem to vary with every turn of the cards, and the smallest mischance is sufficient to disturb their se-

renity or to inflame their resentment. But can that be a rational or virtuous way of spending time or of seeking amusement, which is productive of such pernicious and immoral consequences? We believe that we by no means assert any thing contrary to truth, when we say that it is impossible for an individual to play at any game whatever for a moneyed stake, without his sensations being tinged with a greater or a less degree of ill-will towards his successful adversary. He is besides for ever on the watch to take advantage of any little oversight which may occur; and where he cannot conquer by skill, it seldom happens that he will not endeavour to subvert by fraud. In short, in whatever light we view the moral consequences which are likely to accrue from those species of gaming which appear the most venial and insignificant, we cannot but regard them as highly injurious to the principles of integrity and benevolence. Thus far therefore we approve that part of the quaker discipline which lays the strictest prohibitions on every species of gaming, and infuses into the mind of youth an utter detestation of the practice. We regard their restrictions in this respect as most favourable to virtue and to happiness.

The quakers, who are a sober, judicious people, are very apt to try the value of those objects which are most highly valued by a thoughtless and sensual world, by the criterion of utility; and hence they banish from their education, those accomplishments which are either useless in themselves, or which cannot be learned without a greater expence of time than they are worth. Thus music is entirely excluded from their system of education. It must indeed be acknowledged that such a proficiency in music, as is requisite to please the fastidious taste of the present age, cannot be acquired without the sacrifice of more important objects. Physical health, intellectual improvement, and even the moral virtues, are liable to be lost in the pursuit of what is most delightful, while it is placed in the subordinate rank of accomplishments, and practised only as an occasional recreation; but which deserves to be reprobated with severity, when it is considered as an object of primary excellence and transcendent worth. A modern fine lady has perhaps had six or seven years in the most precious and improveable part of her life exclusively occupied with the study of music, and she has been made to sit from four to eight hours every day at her instrument, while the culture of the mind and heart has been suspended or forgotten. A debilitated frame and a diseased sensibility are thus produced, which unfit her for all

the duties of domestic life ; and though, when she marries, her fair fingers may elicit melting harmonies from the strings of the harp or the piano, yet these will be found but a poor compensation for the comfortless home, or the squalid want, which are but too apt to result from the neglect or the ignorance of household lore. Thus the very harmonies which she warbles become a source of misery and strife. There is no sphere which a woman becomes so well, or in which she shines with such an unspotted light, as the domestic ; and whatever tends to unfit her for this sphere, in which she delights the beholder like the mild aspect of the evening star, must be considered as pernicious. But, though we would prohibit an attention to music to the neglect of more important concerns, yet we are far from thinking so ill of the good sense of our countrymen, as to suppose that music may not be taught with proper restrictions, or used without being abused. Man must have amusements ; and both the mind and the heart are improved by a portion of innocent gaiety and recreation. Now music is one of those modes of recreation, which, if not carried to excess, is best adapted to give a pleasurable turn to the sensations, to revive the drooping spirits, and divert the lonely hour. And though music is a sensual gratification, yet what gratification is more refined from the grossness of sense ? The appetite for harmony is the least selfish of the appetites ; it is not a bliss which others cannot share. It not only tends to banish the solitary gloom, but to promote the social smile. While a lady is amusing herself on the piano, her whole family may partake of the feast ; and every inmate in the house may be cheered by the enlivening sound.

The quakers are enemies to all theatrical exhibitions ; but some of the reasons on which they ground their objections to the drama, appear to us very fallacious and unsound. One of their objections is, that in the representation of the drama, men personate characters which are not their own. If this objection possessed any validity, it must immediately put a stop to all the exertions of the tragic and the comic muse ; for it cannot be expected that kings and queens, heroes and heroines, &c. &c. should be brought to perform their own parts upon the stage. But the quakers should consider that there is a very essential difference between personating any fictitious character on the stage, in order to instruct or to amuse, and acting a feigned character in real life, in order to injure and deceive. To the first no moral blame can attach, but the last is justly chargeable with the guilt of hypocrisy and dissimulation. A man without any deviation from rectitude, may on the boards of the theatre, express

joy and grief which he does not feel, because it is previously understood between him and the spectator; that the joy or grief are only artificially delineated; but he who, in the transactions of real life, affects to rejoice when he is sorrowful, or to grieve when he is glad, attempts to impose a lie upon mankind, and to be thought a different person from what he is. To us it appears that the theatre, much as it may incur the censure of the quakers, is often a better school of morals than the pulpit, inasmuch as lessons of virtue which are taught by example, are likely to be more forcible and permanent, than those which are inculcated only by the invisible abstractions of reason, and the lifeless formality of argument. We are no friends to the abuse of theatrical exhibitions, to inanity of show, or obscenity of dialogue; but we think that the positive good of the drama greatly exceeds the contingent evil; and where good and evil are so blended, as they are in all human things, this preponderance is sufficient to determine our preference, and to fix our choice. That the theatre, even in its present state, is favourable to moral impressions, is evident from the plaudits which always pass from one end of the house to the other, when any disinterested and virtuous action is represented, or any generous, patriotic, and noble sentiment is expressed. This shews that the sympathies of the audience are in a right tone, and that the exertions of the dramatic muse do not pervert or vitiate the best pulsations of the heart. Just and striking delineations of moral character, of sensitive modesty, generous magnanimity, and incorruptible worth have always been favourites with the public; while unblushing profligacy, treacherous meanness, and insidious fraud never fail to be reprobated and despised. The impression which such exhibitions make upon the heart, is genial to virtue, and unfavourable to vice. Men can hardly be present at the spectacle without leaving the house better than they came. Bacon remarks that there is something very mysterious, but very powerfully operative in the sympathetic communication of sentiment and feeling, between a number of persons who are brought together in the same place; and this secret agency of sensational influence is very visible in the representations of the theatre. This influence, as far as our observation extends, is uniformly favourable to virtuous impressions, which are frequently seen to pervade the audience with electrical rapidity. The same cannot be said of vicious conduct and vicious sentiments. They meet with something repulsive in the breast of man; they have no secret attractions, no persuasive influences which elicit the vivid admiration, which pass with resistless cogency from heart to heart, and produce bursts of general applause,

This is the homage only of virtue, the tribute which is her due, and which is paid to her in the theatre, perhaps even more than in the sanctuary.

The quakers prohibit the use of dancing, and do not permit any of their members to be present at an assembly or a ball. In this respect perhaps, as in others, they may with the best intentions carry their prohibitions too far, and go beyond that happy medium which wisdom and which virtue will never desire to leave. Dancing appears to us very suitable to the sprightliness and gaiety of youth, but by no means compatible with the becoming seriousness and gravity of maturer years. There is something ridiculous and contemptible in seeing a man arrived at the maturity of reason and capable of finding amusement in a hundred more appropriate ways, performing the solemn farce of a minuet, or pursuing-like a puppet, the intricate thread of a country dance. The latter seems congenial enough with the frolic levity of a child, but beneath the dignity of rational man. We are no enemies to festivity and mirth; but it should be a festivity and mirth suited to the character, the age and circumstances. The gambol of the kitten may appear very awkward in the cat. The levities which may delight in the child, may be disgusting in the parent. There is a degree of gravity which is suited to the rationality of man; and of which man should not entirely lose sight, even in his pleasures and amusements. To see a number of persons of different ages and sexes, of blooming damsels and aged dames, of volatile youths and hoary sires, meeting together merely for the sake of frisking up and down a room at the sound of a fiddle, till their spirits are exhausted and their toes are sore, must appear to every rational observer at the best as an incongruous amusement, and a foolish waste of time. But, when we consider that such assemblies are usually less productive of pleasure than of pain, that they more often generate envy, peevishness and malevolence, than benevolence and harmless mirth, our sense of the unfitness of these amusements as they are generally practised, will be increased, and our primary dislike will turn into moral reprobation. For when any thing which is indifferent in itself, becomes morally pernicious in its consequences, the indifference ceases to be an argument against the practice. Though we may not wish like the quakers to extend the prohibition against dancing to the youth of either sex, yet we think that no married lady ought to dance. There is a certain gravity of demeanour which becomes every mistress or mother of a family, from which she cannot deviate without an incongruity of

conduct utterly incompatible with her character. To see a sober matron such as every married woman ought to be, weaving the maze of the fantastic dance with an entire stranger, who is continually paying her either unmeaning or unbecoming compliments, admiring her looks or squeezing her hand, appears to us a violation of modesty and decorum. The momentary pleasure which it may afford cannot compensate the inconstancy of principle or levity of conduct which it is likely to produce.

We entirely approve the prohibitions which the quakers lay on the use of novels. We deem them to be but too generally the poison both of the mind and the heart. They inspire sentiments and sensations incompatible with the plain realities of life; and as they are usually written without any great exertion of intellect, they are seldom read with any increase of knowledge or any improvement of the mind. They produce a sickly sensibility and a spurious and counterfeit morality.

The quakers prohibit all diversions of the field; but perhaps in this instance as in others their prohibitions are too general, unconditional and austere. Animals ought certainly to be put to death with the least possible pain; but then it should be remembered that the law of nature is, 'eat or be eaten,' and that there are many birds and beasts which are grateful to the palate and good for food, which it is hardly possible to put to death, with that degree of suffering which a sensitive benevolence would approve. The world is so constituted that the pleasure of one species of sentient beings cannot be purchased without the pain of another species; and hence perhaps enlarged notions of the divine benevolence may produce a reasonable conviction of the future lives of brutes, as a retribution for their present sufferings. This life may to them as well as to man be a probationary scene.—If the charge of cruelty be brought against the diversions of the field, that charge may be extenuated by this consideration, that these very diversions tend to cherish and to multiply the very animals which they destroy. If the sportsman ultimately take away their lives, he takes care to increase their means of subsistence, and often contributes to prolong the period of their existence. They enjoy on the whole a greater degree of pleasure, and suffer a less degree of pain, than they would do if the dog or the gun were never employed for their destruction. A lingering death by famine and disease can hardly be thought preferable to the sudden destruction of the fowling piece. In short, we do not see why the diversions of the field should be subject to any such moral prohibitions as the quakers impose;

they are conducive to the health and the happiness of man, and they by no means aggravate the natural misery of the brute. We are far from wishing to make morality a matter of calculation ; but there is hardly any good to be had in life without a mixture of evil, or any pleasure without some concomitant circumstances of pain. In these cases it will be often requisite to try the morality of the pleasure or the good, by the quantity of mingled evil or associated pain. Those who condemn the morality of the chase from the pain which it occasions to the animal which is pursued, should weigh in the other scale, the vivid, sympathetic pleasure of the horses and the dogs, as well as of the men who may be present in the field. In this case, according to that system of a balance of happiness on which nature seems to act, the individual pain is more than compensated by the accumulated pleasure. Those philanthropists who would go so far as to say that the pleasure of myriads ought not to be purchased by the pain of one sentient being, seem ignorant of the present constitution of the world. That may seem an imperfect system in which the pain of one being or of one class of beings, is made to contribute to the pleasure of another being, or of another class of beings; but such is the system of the present world ; and to us who believe in the infinite benevolence of God, it furnishes the strongest evidence of a future state of retribution. It will be seen that there are some of the prohibitions of the quakers which we approve, that there are others which we condemn, and that there are some which we think just only within certain limitations. The prohibitions which we have mentioned constitute the basis of their moral education ; they are in some measure the decalogue of quakerism, in habits of obedience to which the young are educated and the old are required to walk.

We consider the discipline of the quakers to be admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. There is in it a mixture of justice and of charity, which we highly commend. According to the quaker-system, every individual is appointed to watch over another for his good. The vices of one thus become subject to the cognizance of all ; and every offender against the rules of the society is surrounded by a sort of human omnipresence, which operates as a powerful restraint on every act of immorality and disobedience. All offenders are first privately admonished before they are publicly censured ; and, after this, should no marks of contrition appear, they are publicly disowned. This is first done at the monthly meeting ; from which however the offender may appeal to the quarterly meeting and thence to the annual, so that the case may be considered and reconsi-

dered ; and no sentence is likely to be passed which is contrary to justice and to mercy. The notions of the quakers on criminal jurisprudence are in unison with the pure benevolence of the gospel. They are inimical to all capital punishments ; and when we consider that the only rational and moral end of all punishment is the reformation of the criminal, we must be convinced that capital punishments are opposite to the only proper end of punishment. Though the laws of England affix a capital punishment to two hundred different offences, yet the terror which they inspire, does not appear in any degree to diminish the habits of criminality, or to prevent the commission of crimes. They leave no room for trying the possibilities of moral reformation : in short, they are rather vindictive than just, and quite unworthy of a nation which is acquainted with the comprehensive benevolence of the gospel. On his arrival in America, William Penn established a system of jurisprudence, in which, except in cases of murder, no capital punishment was allowed. This system has since been practised in the state of Pennsylvania with the happiest effects. Mercy has not operated to the increase of injustice. Had we no other obligation to the quakers than the first establishment of this enlightened system, we ought to regard the society with sensations of gratitude and respect.

In considering the ' peculiar customs of the quakers,' Mr. Clarkson notices the distinguishing formality of their dress. We agree with him that the first object of dress is decency and comfort. We are far from thinking that any person professing the christian religion can, consistently with that profession, adopt any dress which excites the idea of immodesty in the spectator. But we do not admit that ornament is at all incompatible with comfort ; or that elegance may not be studied and decency preserved. In this respect the quakers appear to us to carry their restrictions to excess. Had indeed a quaker been suffered to modify the structure or to colour the surface of creation, a monotonous formality and a dusky unrelieved gloom would have superseded the variety of form, the richness of embellishment, and the blush of light which we now behold. The birds would have been stripped of their plumage, and the flowers of their hues. We should not, perhaps, have been delighted with the resplendent glories of the rising or the setting sun ; with the golden tints of the autumn, or the vivid odours of the spring. The works of nature appear to have been designed not only for our use, but our imitation ; not only to fill us with admiration, but to perfect us in art. In nature we behold an unceasing variety of colour and of form. There is no coldness in her aspect

no uniformity in her appearance. Her robes are of the most changeful make, and of the richest dyes. Here then we have a faultless pattern for imitation ; but it is a pattern which furnishes no sanction for the formal and sombre garb of quakerism. The works of nature inspire a taste for the beautiful in colour and in form ; but the practice of the quakers would chill that taste, or leave it without employ. Providence has furnished a richly decorated drapery for the exterior surface of the animate and inanimate creation ; but man, who is endued with a superior degree of intellect, and a superior faculty of imitation ; man, who can abstract and combine, is left to furnish himself with those exterior habiliments, which may not only preserve but decorate, not only comfort but adorn. For the purpose of dress, if we consider the matter rationally, and view man as a being formed for manufactures and for arts, is not merely to protect from the inclemencies of the air, but to add to the beauty of the appearance. It is not merely abstract utility, but elegance and grace ; and whatever poets may feign of ' beauty unadorned', certain it is that beauty attired not with spurious, but with real taste, not with false but with genuine elegance, is increased in its loveliness and heightened in its charm. A beauty habited in the stiff formalities of the quaker garb, and a similar beauty apparelled in a stile of simple but flowing elegance, would excite very different sensations, and be very differently esteemed. The quakers not only prohibit any ornaments in their dress, but in the furniture of their houses. Their only object seems to be plain, unmixed utility, without any of that beauty of exterior appearance, or exuberance of ornament which are so visible in the works of creation. It must therefore be evident that the system of quakerism is very unfavourable to the culture of the arts, and that if this country had been peopled only by persons of this sect, our manufactures would never have attained their present bloom of beauty and perfection. Painting would not have touched her pencil, nor Poetry her lyre. We should probably have manufactured only coarse goods of the first necessity ; and the numberless articles of convenience, of elegance, and ornament, which, while they employ the industry of thousands, constitute the comfort and the delight of social life, would never have been produced. It is clear then that quakerism is a system very adverse to the progress of civilization and refinement. At the word refinement perhaps the rigid advocates of quakerism will stand aghast, as if it were destructive to the morals of society ; but if by refinement we mean that which purges off the grossness of the manners, which

heightens the sensations of delicacy, and infuses into the mixed intercourse of life a degree of civility and courtesy which gives a charm to existence, it must be allowed that refinement operates to the prevention of vice, and the encouragement of virtue. There are many things which are indifferent in themselves and harmless in their consequences, on the practice of which the quakers appear to insist with unreasonable pertinacity. Thus whether a person address another with a *thou* or a *you*, or whether a day or a month be called by this name or by that, is morally a point of inconsiderable moment; but the quakers seem to insist on the *thou*, &c. as if some essential interest depended on the use. In things indifferent, a conformity to general custom seems more genial to that spirit of general good will, which is the essence of christianity, than a ridiculous singularity. The deviation from general custom, in matters of trivial moment, shews littleness of mind, or greatness of vanity; and he, who will pugnaciously contend for the importance of such frivolous minutiae, seems to be but faintly tinctured with the comprehensive charity of the gospel.

The christianity of the quakers is not coupled with any ceremonial observances. They even omit the practice of baptism, and what is called the supper of the Lord. Neither are their marriages celebrated with any religious forms. The parties mutually pledge the affections of their hearts; and the vow is quite as sacred as if it were consecrated by the presence of the priest. True marriage is entirely an union of the heart; and we believe that christianity, when rightly understood, acknowledges no other.

They likewise avoid all pomp and pageantry in their funerals. They convey the body in a plain and simple manner to its kindred dust. The moral lesson indeed, which every funeral ought to inculcate respecting the brevity and uncertainty of life, is perhaps most forcibly impressed without any prodigality of expence, or any hypocritical mummery of woe. Mr. Clarkson has made some excellent remarks on this subject. The quakers erect no tomb-stones or monuments to their dead; and their grave-yards have no inscriptions which teach the rustic moralist to die. Perhaps in this respect, they carry their prohibitions to too great a length; for such memorials, though useless to the deceased, are dear to the survivors; and on such a subject, we think that we ought to pay some respect to the common feelings of mankind. Who does not love to visit the spot where some dear friend or relative is at rest, the tomb where genius or worth is laid? Hence we may derive very salutary impressions, and improve the sensibilities of our hearts.

Mr. Clarkson states, that in this country, the practice of agriculture is declining among the quakers; and this we were sorry to learn, as we consider the quakers by their manners and their habits to be peculiarly fitted for rural life. The imposition of tythes, to which they, in common with many other good and wise men, entertain such forcible objections, is supposed to be the principal reason which induces them to withdraw their capitals from agriculture to commerce, and to leave the country for the town.

The quakers never go to law with each other, but settle their disputes by arbitration. In this respect, their conduct is more accordant with the genius of christianity, than that of any other sect of christians. A quaker who becomes a bankrupt, is never considered as a member entitled to every privilege of the society, till he has paid the whole of his debts. For this regulation, as well as for the care which they take of their poor, the society deserve the highest praise. Among the quakers, we never see either haggard misery, or squalid want. They are a neat, a frugal, and a happy people; and as they never engage in any games of chance, or play for a monied stake, they do not often experience those sudden subversions of fortune, those dread and eventful vicissitudes which are so common in the world. In them we may see something to blame, but from them we have much to learn.

The religious tenets of the quakers appear to us very opposite to their good sense in other respects. This appears to us to be principally owing to their contempt of human learning, and their consequent ignorance of scriptural phraseology. Hence they become liable to the charge of superstition, with which their theology abounds. Their religious tenets as well as those of other sects, appear to us to be perplexed and confused from the indefinite use of terms. The use of terms, to which no definite idea is affixed, is the most fruitful source of absurdity and contention in theology and in morals. Where men attach clear and definite ideas to the terms which they use, no doubt can be engendered and no disputes arise; but where terms are used which have either an ambiguity of sense, or no sense at all, the minds of men must be bewildered in endless and fruitless disputation. The quakers assert that God 'in addition to the gift of intellect, gave to man a *spiritual faculty*;' by which, according to Mr. Clarkson's exposition, they appear to understand 'something superior to the rational part of his nature.' This is said (vol. ii. p. 115,) to have made him know things not intelligible solely by his reason; and to have made him spiritually

mind ed.' Here we conceive that all distinctness of ideas is lost in a labyrinth of words. For in the first place, we have been always taught to believe that reason was the preeminent, the highest faculty in man ; but the quakers affect to teach us that there is some faculty higher than this, to which they give the ambiguous name of spiritual. For if by spiritual they do not mean rational or intellectual, what is it that they mean? Have their words any meaning, or no meaning at all? To us they appear a mere theological sound, signifying nothing. Man has only one mind or soul, to which all the other faculties of the individual are, or ought to be subordinate. The scripture teaches us that the nature of man is compounded of the rational and animal, of the sensitive and the cogitative faculty. But the metaphysical lore of the quakers appoints a third and more imperial faculty to preside over these; but as this appears to be a mere gratuitous supposition, in the support of which not one single fact or argument can be adduced, we shall make no apology for denying its existence, and deeming it a mere airy creation of the brain. It is the rational, and no other faculty in the breast of man, which discerns good from evil, truth from error, virtue from depravity. In all, this faculty is the same in kind, though differing in degree. In some persons, as in Moses and others of the Jewish prophets, this faculty was illuminated by help from above; but that reason on which superior energies were breathed by the spirit of God, was reason still. Those persons who were thus enlightened by a celestial influence, possessed a reason which differed not in kind, but only in the degree of activity, and the power of exertion, from that of other mortals. The reason of Newton may have been very superior to that of his footman; but still it was the same faculty, only more highly cultured and improved. The quakers say that if a man have not a portion of the same spirit as Moses, &c. he cannot know spiritual things. Now if they mean that if a man have not a highly improved, or divinely illuminated reason, he cannot understand any thing highly rational, we may affix some clear idea to the words; but let us not be led into error by assertions without proof, or sounds without sense. By spirit and spiritual understanding, the quakers do not mean merely reason highly cultivated or divinely illuminated, but the supernatural infusion of something superior to the rational faculty, and which entirely supersedes its use. Against this doctrine, we enter our solemn protest; we consider it as senseless and absurd, the child of superstition and the parent of folly. With the quakers the spirit, as they call it, is said to be a more infalible guide than either reason or the scriptures; but what is this spirit, of which they boast,

but the mere phantasm of the brain, the pleasurable illusion of the nerves? With them every prayer which they utter and every sermon which they preach, is supposed to be the immediate effect of inspiration. And this inspiration they believe to be most frequent when the rational faculty is most inert. Hence we see into what errors and absurdities they are liable to rush; for when men wilfully suffer the light of reason to be obscured, or purposely deviate from its directions, their own bewildered sensations, their selfishness or their ignorance, will plunge them into the most outrageous excesses or make them harbour the most extravagant conceits. The quakers lay claim to what they call a supernatural gift; but a supernatural gift is to be known only by the possession of supernatural powers. But can the quakers work miracles, or did any of their sect to whom they have supposed the most extraordinary gifts to have been dispensed, ever possess this supernatural power? Why then should the quakers make a boast of pretensions which are so unfounded and so vain? Perhaps they will say that their own sensations are no uncertain evidence of the inspiration which they claim. But if sensation be considered as the proof of supernatural influence, there is no delusion which may not become a palpable reality. The sensations of any maniacal visionary, who fancies himself a king, may be a proof that he actually holds in his hand the very sceptre which exists only in his mind. The dagger which troubled the mental vision of Macbeth might thus, instead of being fashioned only of the thin and pliant air, be proved a solid fabric of iron or of steel. In respect to their spiritual pretensions, the quakers approach more nearly than we could wish to the extravagance of the methodist: and this is owing to both equally discarding the direction of the rational faculty in matters of religion, and placing their trust in sensational delusions, which are as unsubstantial as the last night's dream. The explanations which the quakers affix to several passages of scripture in order to accommodate them to the peculiar notions of their own sect, discover a total ignorance of scriptural criticism and of Jewish phraseology. It would lead us into too prolix and copious a detail to notice all these mistaken and fallacious interpretations; but they will readily strike every person who has made any considerable progress in theological erudition.

We must all know that all promises and affirmations are morally as binding on the conscience as if they were ratified by oaths; and if a quaker hold his word as sacred as a person of another sect holds his oath, it is plain that the quaker has the justest notions of the sanctity of truth. Where

truth is revered oaths are unnecessary; and to suppose that a promise or an affirmation made in one particular form of words is more obligatory than in another, seems to have a tendency to make that regard for truth which ought to be unceasingly habitual, felt only on particular occasions, or depend on the force of a formal rite.

We agree with the quakers in their detestation of offensive war—that pest of the earth and scourge of man; but in the present state of the world, it does not seem possible that any nation should long preserve its independence, which is not sufficiently acquainted with the use of arms to be able to defend itself against the aggression of every assailant. Were the people of this country all quakers, we should long ago have beheld the triumphal entry of Bonaparte into the metropolis of the British empire. We think however that the pacific spirit of the quakers, as far as it opposes all wars of aggression and of conquest, is agreeable to the genius of christianity; and we most devoutly breathe our wishes to heaven that that spirit may be rapidly diffused over the whole surface of the habitable globe.

The women who belong to the society of friends, appear to excel all those who belong to any other sect in the domestic virtues. This may be principally ascribed to that salutary discipline to which they are subjected in their youth, which inures them to the difficult art of *self-government* from their earliest years. The quaker ladies are not such extravagant votaries of pleasure as those who move in a more fashionable circle. The wife of a quaker seeks not for amusement or delight in the giddy round of dissipation; she is never seen at operas, balls, and masquerades. She seldom strays from her own fire-side; she makes her home her heaven; and hence the marriages of the quakers are not often a source of infelicity. A woman of the world, on the contrary, seeks for happiness any where but at home: thus instead of being a domestic good she is a domestic evil; and the man who hoped to find in her the qualities of a wife, perceives to his sorrow that she possesses only the habits of a libertine. Instead of having *an help meet for him*, the sanctuary of his confidence, and the solace of his woe, he experiences an unsuitable companion, a treacherous friend, and a perpetual source of inquietude and care. When a woman is for ever roaming abroad in quest of the pleasure which she ought to find at home, it is a certain proof of lax principles and a vitiated heart; alike unfit for all the duties of a mother or a wife. Let our fair countrywomen learn a lesson of wisdom and of virtue from the example of their own sex among the quakers; and we will venture to assure them that, by a more di-

ligent practice of the silent, the unostentatious, and the required domestic virtues, they will increase their power of captivation and their stock of happiness, in a greater degree than they ever can by rushing into the ceaseless eddy of fashionable dissipation, by which the health is injured and the conscience is depraved.

On the whole we think the quakers are a highly moral people. Their errors are errors of the judgment rather than of the heart; and if their system be mingled with many absurdities, it still deserves our respect for the virtues which it appears to produce, and for the great mass of integrity and worth which the society of friends contains. Mr. Clarkson has rendered an important service to the community by the faithful delineation which he has exhibited of the education, sentiments, manners, customs, and discipline of the society. We have perused his volumes with pleasure; we have been instructed by many of the observations; and we discover in the whole a vigour of thought and a depth of reflection which belong to no ordinary man.

ART. VI.—*Poems, by the Reverend Richard Mant, M.A. and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With an Appendix, containing the Slave, &c. Longman. 6s. 6d. boards. 1806.*

WE know of no greater misfortune that can befall a man of common sense and ordinary attainments, than an erroneous conviction of possessing poetical genius. From the moment this unlucky idea takes root in his mind, he neglects those duller pursuits in which nature may have formed him to excel, and makes all his studies subservient to the attainment of an object for ever placed beyond his farthest reach. Though himself a striking example of that mediocrity of talent which he pretends to undervalue, he looks with disdain on the humble reputation of sound judgment or well-directed industry, and boldly aims at a prize which fame has consecrated to genius. He thus spends his life in unavailing exertions, and if he escape the doom of oblivion, acquires a notoriety of dubious honour, of which more men would be ashamed than envious.

The present age is perhaps more prolific of such persons than any which has been cursed with the plague of poetry. We could enumerate some dozen of well-disposed gentlemen who have fallen into a strange habit of publishing execrable verse with their names at full length, so completely have they lost all feeling of shame. They thus prevent their

friends from considering them in that respectable light in which unbroken silence generally presents people of slender capacity; while they intimate their existence to the public by documents that also establish their mental imbecility. There is an amiable delicacy in private friendship, which prevents good judges of poetical composition from flatly informing poetasters that their effusions are not fit for the eye of the world, and the nurslings of the muse are in general too conceited to listen to the voice of public criticism. They delight in abusing to their acquaintance the weak and silly article that appeared in such a review, and pretend to treat it with magnanimous indifference, as the effusion of ill-natured ignorance or of secret malice. That any rational being can really dislike their verses seems a supposition too extravagant even for their poetical fancy; and with all the proud demeanour of assured inspiration, they claim from society applause which it cannot bestow, and appear unconscious of the derision which it cannot withhold.

We do not recollect any person into whose constitution this poetical fever has more deeply insinuated itself, than that of the Reverend Richard Mant, A.M. late fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. The first symptoms of it, as far as we know, that he openly exhibited, were indubitable and alarming: he got into his hands the harmless and ingenious Tom Warton, and in a fit of merciless phrenzy buried the hapless wight under a load of commentary that soon stifled his dying cries:

‘Awhile the living bill
Heav’d with convulsive throes,—and all was still!’

By those unacquainted with Mr. Mant's case, this behaviour was beheld with indignation; but those who were in the secret, felt every harsher feeling give way to pity and compassion. They reflected with virtuous grief that the infirmities of nature, even when tending to cruelty, are entitled to commiseration, and much as they felt for the sufferings of poor Tom Warton, they forgot every thing in those emotions of more painful interest connected with Richard Mant. They anticipated the time when he was to throw aside the shovel of the sexton, and raise the voice of the parish-clerk; when he was to chaunt a funeral elegy over the very brother* of the man whom he had entombed, and invade with

* We here allude to an elegy on the death of Dr. Joseph Warton, which we intended to have quoted; but from respect to the memory of that learned and excellent man, we suppress verses which if alive he would read with contempt.

dismal howlings the repose of the dust. That time has come, and Mr. Richard Mant has actually published a volume and a half of poems. The demi-volume is entitled an appendix. It may probably be an appendix to poems that our author keeps at home for the private enjoyment of his own family, but it has no connection whatever with the first volume. Should he ever again be induced to publish verses, sincerely do we hope that they too may be contained in an appendix, that is, may they have no connection with or similarity to his former productions.

The first volume is divided into three parts, each of which is prefaced by a little inscription or motto, apparently intended to describe the character of the poetry over which it extends its tutelary power. From the first of these inscriptions, 'Avia Pieridum peragro loca,' we were led to expect some lofty strain of daring novelty, some radiant vision that in a happy hour delighted fancy had enjoyed, and whose fairy lines were now to be poured on the page of song for the admiration of mankind. We hoped that the muse had at last abandoned the common places, and indulged in an excursion into that world of enchantment where in higher days she loved to roam, and where she had fixed the throne of her empire. But the pleasing delusion was soon broken by the first of these poems, of whose novelty we had formed such lofty hopes. It is a long, dull uninteresting epistle to the Reverend Henry Phillpotts, A. M. and late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. It is indeed the first poem we have seen addressed to that reverend gentleman, and so far it must be allowed to have the recommendation of novelty; but the position advanced and illustrated in it, namely, that the great poets of antiquity did not celebrate the same themes with the children of Israel, seems almost self-evident, and required neither the authority of the Reverend Richard Mant, nor of the Reverend Henry Phillpotts. The important fact is brought before the reader's eye in the form of a lamentation.

'Alas! that weeds impure should mar,
O Arethuse! thy fountain fair!
And, clear Ilissus, thine!
Thine too, O Melas! nobler flood!
Whose bard could oft in holier mood
Touch the refulgent verse with fire almost divine!

'Not such the themes, that wont to swell
Thy hymns, triumphant Israel,
To virgin timbrels sung;
Or when thy tribes from Shinar's plain
To gladness tun'd their harps again,
Which many a silent year by Babel's waters hung!

To hear the writer of such 'mournful melody' as this, declare that he would scorn to wear the bays of Dryden and Pope, must be amusing even to people subject to a violent depression of spirits.

' Though Dryden move with stateliest pace ;
In Pope's mellifluous song though grace
And polish'd softness smile ;
I envy not their tainted praise,
I'd scorn to wear the freshest bays
Which bind poetic brows, *if guilt the wreath defile.*' v. 10.

We know not to what notions of moral guilt peculiar to himself, Mr. Mant here mysteriously alludes, but we think it our duty to express in the strongest language, our pity and contempt of any endeavour, however feeble, to blacken the reputation of Pope, a poet whose works are so exclusively devoted to the cause of virtue. We can indeed conceive a shallow and prejudiced mind, considering the immortal poem of 'Eloisa to Alclard,' as favourable to licentiousness and enthusiasm ; but they who can comprehend the moral of that most affecting production, will acknowledge it to be as virtuous as the genius with which it is adorned is powerful and commanding. Yet, even allowing for a moment that this single poem has a bad tendency, what excuse can be offered for a man who passes a general sentence of guilt on a poet, because in one instance he has deviated from propriety ? Is this christian charity ? Is it even common justice ? Is it not rather the pitiful spite and envy of a little mind, that, with the vanity of imagined righteousness, seeks to detect any spot that may stain the brightest character, and by unmeaning allusions to ruin the fair fame of enlightened virtue ? With regard to Dryden, why allude to his long forgotten obscurity ? It surely savours little of exalted morality, or of that meek spirit which gently condemns human frailties, to forget a man's virtues in the recollection of his vices, or to brand as the infamous servant of iniquity, him who was in general the champion of the right cause. We hope that Mr. Mant will seriously reflect on what we have now said, and tear away with due contrition the libel he has hung on the tomb of departed genius.

The poem next in order is entitled ' Religious Comfort,' and certainly illustrates in a very happy manner the benefits which mortal man may derive during his state of probation here below, from the virtue of patience. He who reads it calmly to the end, may rest assured that he is fit for any task requiring unceasing perseverance, and a total disregard of his own feelings. It contains a curious rhapsody about

despair, and death, and suicide and poverty, and the muse, and Pope, and Chatterton. Indeed, it is a metrical sermon, having for text the 1, 2, 3 verses of Ecclesiasticus. As it is composed in verse, perhaps it might have suffered little from being likewise composed in grammar, an objection which cannot be urged against it at present, as the introductory paragraph will evince.

'O! varied ills of man's uncertain state,
A gloomy train, that round his dwelling wait,
Fear, Grief, Contempt, and Famine and Disease
In sleepless watch their trembling prey to seize,
Rack his weak frame, oppress his struggling breath,
And bend his spirit to despair and death.' p. 12.

This invocation proceeds altogether on a new plan, and may either be considered in the light of an empassioned address, or a simple statement of facts, as suits the genius of the reader. As the poem abounds with excellent morality, we would willingly quote part of it, were not our attention captivated by the alluring title of 'Nuptial Love.' The poem so called commences with a violent philippic against Venus, the daughter of Jupiter, a lady who has not for many centuries ventured beyond the porch of the Pantheon, and who might therefore have been allowed to remain unmolested by a person of Mr. Mant's gallantry. He declares that the system of heraldry, which deduces her origin from the Thunderer, is quite exploded, and maintains that

'Some spirit fell
Bore her in the depths of hell.' p. 22.

He then tells her to go about her business, and take with her all her base associates.

'Hence! with thy distemper'd train,
Feverish youth, with madd'ning brain,
Thy zoneless nymphs, thy sightless boy,
Charm'd with ev'ry tinkling toy;
Debauch loud-roaring o'er th' envenom'd bowl,' &c. p. 22.

Had such verses as these been written by a great boy at school, nothing but a miracle could have rescued him from the penal rod of the incensed master, which would have fallen with heavier punishment had the perpetration of the following lines previously come to light.

'But come thou angel pure and bright,
Parent of sincere delight,
Daughter of heaven! connubial Love,
Thee, th' almighty Sire above,

Of old, in mercy to mankind,
Created from his perfect mind,' &c. p. 22—3.

He then tells us that he has been married for ten months, a piece of intelligence superfluous to his friends and unimportant to the rest of mankind.

'Ten moons have waned, since thee I sought
To visit my sequestered cot.
Thou camest; thou gavest me ample store
Of bliss; thou bid'st me hope for more!' &c. p. 24.

After this simple passage, he gives a catalogue of the blessings of the marriage state, in which many in our opinion of no small magnitude are omitted, and a few included that do not at first sight appear very extatic. We shall present our readers with what Mr. Mant conceives to be the component parts of nuptial felicity, omitting his illustrations for the sake of brevity, and that the system may assume a more compact form.

- '1.—Thou her willing steps shall bring
To the groves where linnets sing,
Where the clearest fountains flow
Where the sweetest violets blow!
- '2.—Seated by her tender side
Thou her docile hand shalt guide
With mimic pencil to pourtray
Nature's simple landscape gay!
- '3.—She meanwhile with thee shall share
The duties of thy past'ral care!
And oft her voice shall charm thine ear
To strings symphonious chaunting clear!'
- '4.—Nor will she shun with thee to trace
The triumphs of the chosen race,
When th' Egyptian's car-borne pride
O'er the Red sea welter'd wide!

If these be all the advantages which a married man enjoys over a bachelor, we shall learn to bear the prospect of a single life with a feeling somewhat short of downright despair.

The next poem is entitled the 'Country Gentleman,' of which the first part relates exclusively to Switzerland, and the last to the truth of the gospel, while the poor squire comes awkwardly in between the two, and after exposing himself for a few minutes to the delighted spectator, 'vanishes into the air.' This is the worst composition in verse we have yet seen, excepting only a very few smaller poems by

the same author. We are by no means surprised that the gentleman to whom it is addressed insisted upon being denominated by the very general appellation of * * esq. The only line worthy quotation is remarkable for a new application of the verb 'to shagg.'

'Where horror shaggs the unsunn'd precipice.' p. 32.

This might perhaps be explained in a note; the rest of the performance is clearly above the power of commentary.

We are next presented with a description of 'rural happiness.' This poem ought to have been made shorter by 150 lines, in which case the remaining 50 might have been pardoned. It is said to be an imitation of the conclusion of Virgil's second Georgic, and as we have no reason to doubt Mr. Mant's veracity, we believe that he intended it as such. We shall be deeply indebted to him or any other person who can point out to us the passage in Virgil of which the following description of a country parson is an imitation :

'With temper'd zeal his Master's cause
He pleads, explains, confirms his laws;
Nor fails before the sight to lay
The terrors of the judgment day;
But more his tongue delights to dwell
On those pure joys, which prophets tell,
Nor ear has heard nor eye has seen,
Nor dwell they in the heart of men;
To fix the hopes on things above,
To warm the heart to deeds of love,' &c. p. 49.

The sum and substance of this very extensive epistle is that Mr. Mant loves to walk through the country on a Sunday and hear the little birds singing; that Milton is his favourite poet, as well he may be; and that he takes great delight in preaching to his parishioners. Sincerely do we hope that in the last case, the delight is mutual.

Having got into a religious mood, Mr. Mant is in no haste to quit it, and favours us with a description of a 'Sunday morning.' A more delightful subject, the soul of man cannot conceive, and to fail in treating a theme so congenial to every finer feeling of humanity, must demonstrate singular incapacity. Yet Mr. Mant has failed in describing the morning of the hallowed day, as completely as any ranting methodist could have done when murdering religion to a bevy of old women.

'How goodly 'tis to see
The rustic family

Duely along the church-yard path repair ;
 The mother trim and plain
 Leading her ruddy train,
 The father pacing slow with modest air.

O ! sabbath bell, thy voice
 Makes hearts like these rejoice ;
 Not so the child of vanity and power ;
 He the blest pavement *treads*
 Perchance as custom *bids*,
 Perchance to gaze away a listless hour ;
 Then crowns the bowl, or scours along the road,
 Nor hides his shame from men, nor heeds the eye of God !

Oh ! would thy influence bless
 With faith and holiness,
 The laggart people of our favour'd isle !
 But if too deep and wide
 Have spread corruption's tide,
 O, might he deign on me and mine to smile !' &c. P. 57.

We do not much admire the sentiment contained in this last stanza. The wish to be saved amid the ruin which he fears is to fall on the rest of the inhabitants of Great Britain, discovers too great attention to personal comfort ; and though we wish Mr. Mant all the happiness he deserves both in this and the next world, we trust that a few others will be saved from perdition besides himself and Mrs. Mant, and their child, a little lady who has been introduced into the world by her fond and indulgent papa, before she has learned to articulate. The Sunday Morning is appropriately followed by the Prayer, a little composition as remarkable for the excess of piety as the deficiency in poetry. It contains a variety of injunctions, delivered in the form of argument, never to forget our duty to our Creator ; the effect of which we cannot help thinking would have been increased by the use of regular prose, instead of that kind which borrows the assistance of rhyme.

' Abroad, at home ; in weal or woe ;
 That service which to Heav'n you owe,
 That bounden service duely pay,
 And God shall be your strength alway.
 He only to the heart can give
 Peace and true pleasure, while you live ;
 He only, when you yield your breath,
 Can guide you through the vale of death :
 He can, he will, from out the dust
 Raise the blest spirits of the just ;

Heal every wound; hush every fear;
 From every eye, wipe every tear;
 And place them where distress is o'er
 And pleasure dwells for evermore.' p. 63.

The 'Winter Scene written on Christmas-day,' contains the following stanza.

'When sighing to the gale, the wood
 His wither'd honours yields;
 And dark is now the mountain-flood
 With storms deform'd and foul with mud,
 And dimm'd the pleasant fields!'

The two first lines allude to a phenomenon that we never witnessed in any part of England, namely, the woods shedding their leaves on Christmas-day, an operation which Mr. Mant may have lately had occasion to observe is concluded before that inclement season. This inaccuracy (which in a lover of nature could only have proceeded from the blindness of love), and the dull account of the muddy floods, is scarcely redeemed by the innocent and tame familiarity of the ensuing interrogation:

'For who that has an eye to view,
 And who that has a breast
 To feel the charms that round him glow
 In summer splendour drest,
 O'er all the scene a glance can dart,
 And see without a sigh
 Not all the scene can now impart,
 A charm to glad his drooping heart
 And fix his roving eye?'

We come now to part second of this volume, decorated by the inscription, '*Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari.*' What motives directed Mr. Mant in the choice of this motto, it would be equally presumptuous and vain to conjecture, since this portion of his poetry chiefly relates to gentlemen of his acquaintance, at Oriel college or elsewhere, none of whose names seem naturally to suggest the idea of that lofty bard. After several ineffectual efforts to discover any similitude between Mr. Mant and the bee of Chamouny, (page 67,) we caught sight of the Rev. Edward Coppleston's name, a gentleman of acknowledged talents and learning. He has been so unfortunate as to have an epistle addressed to him by this universal and complete letter-writer, containing some fulsome compliments which his sense and feeling must despise, and expressed in quaint and sickly lan-

guage, which his taste and genius must condemn. He is informed that 'Oxford with eager voice pursues his bright career.' Mr. Coppleston himself and all his real friends know that this compliment has no meaning: a man cannot display his abilities in a few Latin lectures on ancient poetry, delivered to a few striplings, who do not understand one half of what he says, or in an oration delivered once in two years in the theatre. Yet this constitutes the whole of Mr. Coppleston's 'bright career,' since of his private virtues, and the character he bears among his friends, which we know to be deservedly high, the public are unable to form any judgment. We must remark however, that this gentleman should have been cautious how he injured the taste of the young men at Oxford, by lending the sanction of his name to such despicable trumpery as the poetry of Mr. Mant.

We intended to have exposed at full length, the numerous faults of style, sentiment, thought and description, that swarm over the surface of this second part of our author's labours, but such conduct could only exhibit misapplied industry and perseverance. We shall therefore speedily dismiss the first volume, but not without taking notice of what strikes us to be a very glaring impropriety in Mr. Mant's behaviour as a married clergyman. He never ceases for one moment to celebrate the mental and corporeal charms of his wife. On whatever subject he may happen to write, Mrs. Mant is the burden of the song, and not unfrequently, the husband, wife, and child join in full chorus. Now we have not the slightest objections to believe, that Mrs. Mant, like many thousand young ladies who figure in the newspapers, is adorned 'with every accomplishment calculated to render the nuptial state truly felicitous,' but what living being on the face of the habitable globe, can feel any interest in so very ordinary an occurrence? Love-songs addressed to young ladies before marriage, are sufficiently disgusting to the public; but what shall be said of the nauseous strain which an uxorious and doating husband pours forth to the mother of his children? The darts of Cupid should no longer be aimed at a worthy matron who has approached the altar of Hymen; and surely Venus is less concerned in the poetry of a married man, than Lucina. We have always been accustomed to believe that the finer feelings of the heart love to be indulged in the quiet retirement of domestic happiness, and that they shrink from publicity as contrary to their spirit, and destructive of their existence. But we have been mistaken: for Mr. Mant cannot be happy unless all the world know that he is so;

and the charms of his spouse can shed no soft lustre to gild the vale of Truritton, unless they sometimes pour their meridian effulgence over the towers of Oxford, and, transfused into verse through 120 pages of printed paper, delight the aimless loungers in Mr. Parker's very excellent library. We wish not to hurt the feelings of any man of true delicacy, but there can be no rudeness in thus publicly mentioning a lady's name, that has already been blazoned abroad by her own husband.

Before leaving the first volume, we direct the attention of our readers to several patriotic songs, written with less languor than newspaper-poetry in general, under which character we believe they first made their appearance. That on Lord Nelson is the best, and had it been confined to manuscript, would probably have gained its author great praise among his private friends. It is however ill calculated for public perusal; as the thoughts are very trite, and the language not vigorous. It is what ladies would call a *pretty thing*.

The appendix now solicits our attention. It contains rather a long poem on the horrors of the slave trade, a subject somewhat threadbare, as there is probably not one human being of the age of puberty in the united kingdoms, who has not taken occasion to deliver his sentiments upon it. In venturing to discuss the merits of this most unrighteous traffic, Mr. Mant has therefore displayed more courage than prudence, and trusted that his powerful imagination would exhibit in more glaring colours the enormous guilt of a system that has branded with infamy the European name, and at the bare mention of which the thinking heart shudders with horror. Sorry are we to say that in 'the Slave,' Mr. Mant is even more shy of ideas than usual, and that the only effect produced by his composition, is a transference of part of that pity to the poet which was formerly the undivided property of the fettered negro. His ejaculations, interrogations, exclamations, and interjections, are often calculated to awaken a smile on the cheek of sorrow, and we cease to reflect on the miseries of the wretched African, from a desire to conjecture at what school Mr. Mant received the rudiments of his education. We never heard even from the most sorry declaimer in the House of Commons a more frigid appeal to the feelings than the following paragraph; and really Mr. Mant, when he speaks so, ought to be *coughed down*.

'If there be aught on this terrestrial sphere
May claim from virtue's eye the generous tear,

With shame and grief the swelling heart inspire,
 With pity melt, with indignation fire;
 'Tis man, created by his Maker free,
 Torn by his fellow man from liberty;
 To endless, hopeless servitude consign'd,
 His body shackled and debased his mind,
 And his high soul, ordained to soar the sky,
 Sunk to a level with the beasts that die !!!

After an address to the spirit of Afric, and several just compliments to Mr. Wilberforce, we meet with the following string of questions, which is said in a note to be imitated from Pope, but which, in our opinion, resembles more closely a passage in the poetry of the Anti-jacobin.

' Ah ! what avail'd the spark of heavenly flame,
 The gentle spirit, and the manly frame ?
 What her rich gums from fragrant groves distill'd,
 With teeming herds her palmy mountains fill'd ? &c.

The lines we allude to in the Anti-jacobin begin thus :

Ah ! hapless porker ! what can now avail
 Thy back's stiff bristles, or thy curly tail ?
 Ah ! what avail those eyes so small and round,
 Long pendant ears and snout that loves the ground ?

Mr. Mant entertains a very high opinion of the physical, moral, and intellectual powers of the inhabitants of Africa, which he expresses in this way : he is describing the negro.

' Fierce as th' Atlantic wave when tempests sweep,
 Or placid as the slumber of the deep :
*Or like the mighty elephant that reigns
 Mildest of beasts in wide Kaarta's plains !*

He then describes with a minute accuracy, which would have been laudable in a witness before the select committee of the House of Commons, the various arts which the slavemercchants employ to kidnap the poor negroes.

' Before them horror, and despair behind,
 Speed to their task *the stealers of mankind !*
 Their's is the honied tongue, and specious smile ;
 The open outrage and the covert wile ;
 It's their's to quench the intellectual light,
 And whelm the negro's soul in grosser night ;
 But most 'tis their's to spread the woes afar,
 The crimes and horrors of intestine war, &c.

The uncomfortable situation of the slaves during the mid-

dle passage is next described in terms that excite disgust rather than horror, and images of filth, steam and bad air are accumulated to a degree that is offensive. For the remainder of the composition, Mr. Mant seems entirely to have forgotten the end of poetry, as well as the means by which it is effected, and spends a great deal of time in a foolish abuse of West Indian planters, a set of monsters too horrible to be mentioned by the lips of a christian.

Before bidding Mr. Mant farewell, we must do him the justice to say that he is the greatest plagiarist of the age in which he flourishes. In matters poetical he forgets a very important prohibition of the decalogue, and unceasingly appropriates to himself what belongs to his richer neighbours. To follow him through all the dark varieties of the art, would puzzle a professed officer from the Bow-street of Parnassus. He combines the rapid dexterity of the pick-pocket with the cool intrepidity of the footpad; and after he has got the article into his possession, he disguises it with all the secret skill of a resetter of stolen goods, so that very often the prosecutor cannot swear to his own property. The inspired writers, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Gray, Campbell, Smollet, and Heber, have chiefly suffered from his depredations. When he thinks he runs a strong chance of being detected, he boldly confesses his guilt, and that by way of proving his innocence. (See p. 1.) At other times he puts a bold face upon the matter, and offers for sale whole lines that have been previously purchased by the startled reader. We decline quoting half the poems which would be the most effectual method of establishing this charge; but if Mr. Mant does not plead guilty to it, we shall take the earliest opportunity of convicting him. If every person could recover from our author what has been stolen from him, the Rev. Richard Mant of Oriel college would be reduced to beggary.

In reading the volumes now reviewed, nothing appears more remarkable than the extensive acquaintance with literary characters that Mr. Mant professes. His poems are almost all addressed to masters of arts, and fellows of colleges, who of course must be honourable men. The Rev. Henry Phillpotts is, we are willing to believe, a man of transcendent genius. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico.' He has, we recollect, published a sermon on the glorious revolution of 1688, of which the political reasoning is as flimsy as could have been expected from an Oxford divine preaching before the university; but he probably knows more about spiritual than temporal affairs. Then comes the Rev. William Bishop, A. M. fellow of Oriel college, a man most probably of good moral character, else he would not have been elected a mem-

ber of that respectable society, but we suppose this volume of poems gives the first intimation to the world of his existence. Next follows a Rev. Mr. Woolcombe, distinguished perhaps for those qualities that shun the notice of the world. Nor should Mr. Trollope be forgotten : he is a fellow of New College. Mr. Marriot is also celebrated for a singular partiality towards Mr. Mant's verses ; and to mention all the *** esquires, would be endless. It must indeed be a perilous blessing to enjoy our author's friendship, for a man so circumstanced could not feel himself safe from publication for one moment, and must live in continual apprehension of seeing his name printed at the university press, as a voucher to the truth of some woeful harangue against the iniquity of modern times, or in favour of the beauty of Mrs. Mant, to neither of which doctrines he may be willing to lend his sanction.

We have now delivered without reserve our unqualified disapprobation of Mr. Mant's poetry, and we feel perfect confidence in the justness of our strictures. As the reverend gentleman is evidently a well disposed and pious christian, he will peruse our friendly criticism with gratitude and thankfulness. We think he could write tolerable sermons, and recommend him to cultivate that kind of composition in preference to poetry. The latter requires considerable genius and imagination ; the former flourishes best in the hands of sober sense and sound judgment. We are not so bold as to assert that Mr. Mant is a person exactly of this description, but as few men of education are entirely deficient in all their faculties, it is possible that he may possess powers, of which, as he has yet discovered no symptoms, the world cannot with justice entertain any suspicions.

ART. VII. — *Tales in Verse, critical, satirical and humorous, by Thomas Holcroft. 2 Vols. 12mo. 8s. boards. Symonds. 1806.*

THE author commences with an attack upon critics, in which he introduces an anecdote, which we have read before, of Sartine and Freron. The anecdote itself exhibits a striking instance of the piquancy with which French repartee is frequently seasoned. It is inserted for the amusement of those who may not have heard it before, and for the purpose of shewing that our author, with the best intentions of being witty, has not always wherewithal.

‘ Sartine, *Lieutenant de Police*, sent for Freron, a writer and critic, and demanded why he had written what was libellous ? Freron

answered, *Monsieur il faut vivre*, "Sir, I must live:" to which Sartine replied, "*Je ne vois pas la nécessité, Monsieur*, "I see no necessity for that, Sir."

The spirit of this reply would easily evaporate from its extreme subtlety; and as Mr. Holcroft succeeds in doing things that are remarkable for their ease, such as writing nonsense, spoiling an idea by his mode of expressing it, &c. he has suffered it to evaporate entirely from his coarse version.

' When Freron told Sartine that *he must feed*,
Sartine replied, *Of that I see no need*.
Meaning to hint, laconic in harangue,
You will not die of hunger if you hang.
I freely grant, I don't like such a dance:
But that's the way they manage things in France.
Now Freron was, as we are told,
A writer in your French reviews,' &c.

If Mr. Holcroft were asked why he converted the *il faut vivre* of Freron, on which the immediate acrimony of the reply depends, into '*he must feed*,' he would doubtless answer in imitation of the French satyrist, 'I must rhyme;' to this we should reply, like the Lieutenant de police, 'we see no necessity for that, Mr. Holcroft.' Nay, the author himself sees so little necessity for it, that he gives us '*police*,' as a rhyme to '*malice*,' '*counterscarps*' to '*corpse*,' &c.; although he is in one instance so convinced of that necessity, that he violates grammar for the purpose of serving rhyme by using the verb *lays* for *lies*; and by way of making a witticism of a fault, he writes, on this said deviation from grammar, the following note, which by its pithiness was intended to atone for it.

'Grammar and rhyme here disagree, as they have often done before, for grammar requires *lies*.'

A few samples more of the *elegantia sermonis* shall first be cited, before we proceed to the more retiring beauties of Mr. H.'s thoughts and style. Mark his ostentatious display of quantity:

'A tyrant, I forget his name
'Twas not Phalaris, tho' much like him,
To put in practice deem'd no shame
Whatever whims might chance to strike him.'

Again, p. 56. Vol. ii.

'Oh, woman, how varied, how strange are thy wiles,
In thee what contraries unite !'

If any thing could extort a smile from the weeping philosopher, our author's usage of his name might succeed ;

'Could he but read our daily papers,
'Twould cure Heraclitus of vapours.'

These elegances and some few others, as '*suchlike*;' '*none so welcome was*;' '*the fighting blade*,' for man; '*m'officious arm*,' for my officious arm; '*after they had flown*,' '*bleeding spear*,' &c. would seem to evince that our author is either the disciple or the instructor of our friend the translator of Kotzebue's romances and anecdotes, of whom honourable mention was made last month.

The first tale is entitled '*Authors and Critics*.' To this particular attention is due, as the writer himself appears to bestow a more than ordinary degree of labour upon the subject, and of course displays a more than ordinary degree of silliness. That '*reviewers pick out all the faults from other people's works*,' is incorrect, and must remain so until they depart from the modest compression of a thin octavo pamphlet, and adopt the size of a monthly folio, equalling a volume of Chambers. This is on the supposition that '*other people*' have as many faults, as much of the *divitiæ miserae*, as our author. To his *prolegomena* on his favourite and fearful subject, succeeds the story of Dr. Scoggins, who, it seems, is one of us, viz. a reviewer. The name of this doctor rhymes so conveniently with *floggings*, that he is of course armed with an instrument of execution, which, aided in its terrors by a wig placed '*over his head*,' and a fine burly physiognomy, forms altogether the portrait of a literary hero so terrible, that we ourselves absolutely could not recognize our own brother. And indeed it is extraordinary, that a family whose countenances are distinguished by a bewitching and interesting mildness of expression, the index to an amiable, though faulty, suavity of temper, should bear any relationship to that ferocious hussar in literary campaigns.

This tale relateth how an author who had felt the lash of this sanguinary reviewer, resolved to propitiate him with the offering of a goose, stuffed with guineas. For two reasons Mr. Holcroft should be the identical author. For first, he owns that he has felt the lash; and in the next place, his book (which is not inaptly signified under the type of a goose) is offered to us for dissection. But where are the guineas? This we suppose to be a fine drawn allegory, and to mean no

more, than that his book is stuffed with verses, which are, in his opinion, equal in value to sterling gold. This emblematic coin, however, is but a poor reward for those salutary flagellations from us, which induce Mr. Holcroft to say of them,

‘The oath he swore I shan’t repeat :
Whipping has rendered me discreet.’

On this subject we recommend the author to read the ‘History of the Flagellants;’ and since he will not pay us for the trouble of inflicting the *discipline*,* to use it himself. But first let him settle in his own mind, whether he prefers the upper or lower discipline, which are there both discussed, with their different effects. Not that we have any objection to lend a hand ; and to make the castigation as effectual as possible, we will undertake to administer the upper discipline, and leave to himself the private luxury of inflicting the under.

The book above mentioned is the work of the Abbé Boileau, brother to the poet. We will epitomize a story from it, (for the amusement of Mr. Holcroft, who delights in stories) which will account for the preference given by Doctor Scoggins to the instrument which struck such panic into our author.

Justin relates, that the Scythians, on returning to their own country after a distant warfare, found the slaves in open rebellion against their masters, and aspiring to their dignities. This servile multitude were numerous, and tenacious of their usurped power. The Scythians were undetermined for a long time on the choice of their arms, but on reflecting that they had not to fight against noble opponents, but with their inferiors, they resolved on laying aside iron, and the weapons used in honourable warfare, and bringing into the field rods, scourges, and other instruments of slavish fear. Having come up with their enemy, they exhibited their new weapons, which struck such panic into the hearts of their menials, that unable to withstand the first charge, they fled on every side, and relinquished the field to their masters.

It is from hence clear, that Dr. Scoggins having detected Mr. Holcroft in the act of usurping the place of his betters, and in open rebellion against sense and taste, imitated the Scythians in the use of that formidable weapon of vengeance, the rod.

* The *discipline* is a scourge used by the religious for the purpose of mortifying the flesh.

To conclude this subject, we must caution our author against reading promiscuously every treatise on the discipline, as it is termed; and must warn him more particularly from Bartholinus *de flagellis*, which treatise would undo every thing.

We have been thus diffuse, because our author honours the fraternity of which we are members, with so large a portion of his attention. So completely convinced is he of his condemnation, that he devotes a whole tale to the subject, and we find him in tale the eighth relapsing into his panic, and accounting for it most rationally.

‘ But why repine ?

Begot and born we know not how ;
The strong, the weak, the fool, the wit,
Must to his destiny submit,

And I to mine.

I might have been ape, tiger, bear ;

Happily, now,

I'm only doom'd to scribble stupid rhymes,

That Patience may supinely doze,

That Common Sense may stare,

And sage reviewers scribble stupid prose.’

To this delicious morcean is prefixed a long note in rhyme, and metre that is completely out of breath, all about ourselves. In short the *Eidolon* of a reviewer appears to have stood at Mr. H.'s elbow, to have chattered, mopped, and moed at him, and to have haunted him through all his vagaries. What, but the horror occasioned by such a phantom, could have disarranged the ideas of any man to such a degree, as to have caused the following broken, though violent emotions of nonsense? It is an elegant extract from the speech of a lover, and is intended to make all the world die with laughter. Reader, laugh, if you can, at any thing but its author.

‘ Her state, I own,

I—Hem—!—I—must make known

Her state—my state of mind—

Her state a state was—is—Hem!—of dependence—

Because—the cause—you see—

The cause of Mistress Dorothy—

I mean the cause which now affords—affords—

I hope there's none

Who will consider me as—

As one—as one

Who strict propriety offends,

Though Mistress Dorothy—

I say, I lose—I mean, I find—
 I find that she—
 That I—that I have words,
 And that I only want ideas—

This is the very lunacy of bad writing. The fit continues through pages. But we will try once more.

This know
 I'll try
 To tell
 A few ;
 And so
 Good bye,
 Farewell,
 Adieu !

Our rhymist has made frequent attempts at imitating the Broad Grins of Colman. But the frisking and curvetting natural to that gentleman, and therefore pleasing, become offensive to the greatest degree in a bungling imitator. His vagaries do not so much resemble the serpentine motion of a drunken man, as the constrained stagger and stammering of a man pretending to be drunk.

The tales, as they are called, amount to thirteen. That on taste approaches the nearest to meaning; and we cannot deny to our author the merit of having combated the popular opinion in favour of a child actor, when at its highest. Some lines on this little boy are not amiss.

‘Roscius bestrides a mastiff when he rants
 “Saddle white Surrey for the field!”
 Lo! he alights!
 With base Glenalvon fights—
 “Yield! coward, yield!”
 Poison he drinks—
 He trembles, totters, sinks,
 He reels, he falls, he pants—
 “Fathers have flinty hearts!
 Paris, loose your hold! Oh!—They crack—they break,”
 Then suddenly behold him stop
 To play at top,
 Eat sugar-plums and tarts,
 Or currant-jelly with plum cake;
 Or troll his hoop,
 And having done his race,
 Squirt dirty water in his tutor’s face.’

Miss Mudie is here mentioned with equal honour, although with some injustice; as that poor little ill-advised infant

was taught a lesson of obedience to the ordinary course of Nature (which, however capricious, does certainly by no means bring either the talents or stature of beings from seven to fourteen years old, to a maturity requisite to give feeling and effect to theatrical delineations of character) by the general disgust of a whole house. She might therefore have been permitted to grow up unmolested, and settle into the good housewife and frugal spinster. But the principal character in Mr. Holcroft's principal poem, is Mr. Hope, from whose letter addressed to Mr. Annesly the notes are selected. The pretensions of Mr. Hope to architecture are founded on much travel, much reading, and an immense fortune, which enabled him to procure designs, sections, and elevations of buildings the most admired for symmetry. Galleries of pictures or statues may evince the taste of a nation; but they are sometimes known to be the monuments of its successful rapacity alone. Architecture appeals at once to the understanding of every foreigner, and demands honourable mention from him of the city which he has visited. To supply a physical defect, the want of a stone quarry in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, which of itself must for ever crush all attempts at magnificence, builders have had recourse to imitative stone; and their extravagance has gone so far, that they have even stained this fragile and paltry compound, to make it resemble, for a poor year or two, the genuine materials. In some instances they have painted fissures, which soon come of themselves, and other marks of decay, which no more resemble the teeth of time, than the first infancy resembles the infancy of age. Our limits are narrow; or we should dilate more fully on this subject, which involves so much of national grandeur and importance. How far Mr. Hope is entitled to become a censor in architecture, and how far he is justified in his strictures on the professional gentleman whom he attacks, it would be tedious to determine in this place. Suffice it to say, that our author, with an excellent subject in his hands, and with every disposition to be unsparing in his sarcasm, has only exposed his miserable lack of wit, and his vast fund of impudence.

The tale entitled the Owl and the Howl was written to discourage the improper usage of the article *an* before words beginning with an aspirated *h*. That our readers may be enabled to appreciate the materials of which the poet spins his verses, they will do well to attend to his mode of treating this subject.

' A Vandal was heard to brag
He'd kill'd a nun and kiss'd a nag,

And in a month, for warmth and prog,
 Had thatch'd a *nut*, and eat a *nog*.
 Don't write, Hungarian was *hungered*;
 But a *Nungarian* was *aungered*;
 And how, he being a *nussur*,
 He cut off many *aned* in war.
 In India there has lately been
 A *nurricane*.' 'Sir, what d'ye mean?'
 Mean! can my meaning be more plain?
 A *nurricane's* a *nurricane*!
 A *nuffish* sir won't take affronts, man!
 My father's rich, and keeps a *nuntsman*!
 And, Sir, a *nospitable* person
 A *nurt* in sentiments thinks worse on
 Than'——'I'm sorry, Sir, that I have flurried——
 I'm peevish, Sir, when I'm a *nurried*!
 A *naunted* house, mine aunt doth say,
 Will drive a *nabitant* away.
 Here! fellow! cobbler! how d'ye do?
 Pray put a *neel* piece to my shoe.
 A *nolly* bring me, Dick, for see
 A *nound* has jumpt on the settee!
 He in a *nop-grownd* just has been
 A *nunting* of *anostile* quean:
 I mean a *norse*, that is, a mare.'

We suspect from the indignation with which the author treats the omission of the aspirate, that Mr. Kemble has "filled his bones with *hh's*," as he does those of Caliban.

We now bid adieu to Mr. Holcroft; and have only to suppose it is by the *lucus a non lucendo*, that he is enabled to defend the titles of 'Tales, critical, satirical and humorous,' prefixed to pieces destitute of narrative, criticism, satire and humour.

ART. VIII. *An Essay on the Character of Ulysses as delineated by Homer.* By the late Rev. Richard Hole. Originally read at the Literary Society at Exeter. Crown 8vo. pp. 144. 3s. 6d. boards. Johnson, &c. 1807.

DURING the course of four and twenty centuries, the works of Homer have been regarded as an inexhaustible store house, from which the literary armouries of the world have been supplied with ammunition for commentary, controversy, historical and political research, and all the various modes and operations of critical warfare. They have afforded materials for a thousand epics, and for a million of

serious inventions and sportive fables; whole theories of taste have been built on single verses, and of morals on individual characters; insomuch that, if applied to the mass of volumes which the Iliad and Odyssey have given birth to, and are still producing daily, one might be tempted to join in the fretful complaint of Solomon, 'that there is nothing new under the sun.' Yet, possibly, a more reflecting, or a less querulous, disposition may be capable of deriving some impressions of novelty even from a source so, apparently, drained of information and instruction. Such has been the opinion of many learned and wise men of our own days, who still persist in working the same mine which has been explored during so vast a succession of ages; and such, it appears, was the opinion of the author (among many others) of the work before us.

In the grave, all local and personal considerations are buried for ever. The performance of our duties, as just and impartial censors, imposes on us the necessity of secrecy and reserve in our dealings with living authors; but in speaking of the dead, that rule need operate no longer, nor exclude us from the sad privilege of paying a just tribute of affection to one who, in life, was beloved and respected by us.

Πατρικὸν κλειόμεν, τὸ γὰρ γὰρ ἐστὶ θανόντων.

With the private virtues, the social qualities, the kind and friendly disposition, the simple and easy manners of a retired country clergyman, the public has little to do, and his spirit, if it may yet take an interest in what passes on the earth, will be more delighted with the silent testimony of a few friends still mourning his loss, than by that vain and fruitless notoriety, which it is the absurd fashion of the present day to consider as a necessary compliment to be bestowed on the manes of the departed. The voice of nature requires nothing beyond the simple wish of Solon,

Μὴδ' εἰς ἀνελκυστὸς θανάτος μοῖρος· ἀλλὰ ΦΙΛΟΙΣΙ
Καλλιπτοίμ θανὼν ἀλγέα καὶ σπονχάς.

And, if ever this wish was accomplished in the last moments of a dying man, it was, most signally, in those of our friend. But there is another ground on which we may more lawfully indulge our private feelings without intruding on those of the public. And many of our readers will not be so fastidious as to condemn the slight sketch which we propose to give of the literary works and character of the late Mr. Hole, before we present them with a more particular account

of the little posthumous publication which is the immediate subject of our article.

In prose he was an easy, natural, and lively writer, without any affectation either of pompous diction, or extraordinary refinement, or brilliant wit; yet the original humour with which he was amply gifted by nature, often circulates through his pen, unpremeditated and almost unknown to himself. In poetry, the same facility and inartificial flow of language, form, perhaps, the leading or characteristic feature of his style. Always harmonious, correct, and natural, he seldom rises to any sublime height, never aims at singularity, nor degenerates into *mannerism*. He is often extremely pleasing, and displays an active and lively fancy rather than a very vigorous or lofty imagination. His habits of study and his literary inclination were of a peculiar nature, and have often exposed him to the censure of critics, who are unable to estimate duly the impressions under which he wrote, or the intentions which guided him in writing. He was a good and sound scholar, but not, in the common acceptation of the term, a critical one; a curious and ingenious, but not a deep or rigid antiquary.

A short recapitulation of his works will illustrate this general outline of his literary character. The first, of any importance, that appeared under his name, was a versification of *Fingal*, which exposed him equally to the censure of the admirers, and of the revilers, of the supposed Ossian. The former, regarding the visionary bard with a sacred enthusiasm, which extended itself to the labours of his *soi-disant* restorer, compared the absurdity of cramping the sublime energies of Macpherson's elevated prose, by the confinement of a regular ten foot verse, with the vain and exploded system of converting into metre, the strong original language of the prophets and apostles; the latter, treating the whole fabrication as an imposture of the grossest nature, and the manner of its execution as puerile, spiritless and utterly contemptible, arraigned of folly little short of idiotism all those who could employ their time and talents in criticising or illustrating what appeared to them so infinitely below criticism or serious consideration. On this long agitated question the world is now nearly at rest; and we can estimate, more dispassionately than at the time we allude to it might have been possible for us to do, the merits and success of Mr. Hole's undertaking. When the poems of Ossian first appeared, we must suppose him to have been among the number of those literary characters who were inclined to depend on their genuineness, and who were captivated by the show of extraordinary refinement and sensibility, of cultivated

fancy, and poetical diction, so contrary to the notions which our reason bids us entertain of our remote ancestors, but yet so agreeable and soothing to those phantoms of the imagination; which our natural veneration for antiquity is too apt to invoke and embody. At the same time, he was not so indiscriminating an enthusiast as to extend to Macpherson the warmth of admiration which he felt for Ossian; and the disgusting affectation, the fustian, the confusion, the heavy monotonous cadences, of the translator, probably suggested to him the idea of presenting the original, as nearly as he could be guessed at from his existing copy, in the dress which he conceived justly was best suited to him, that of a poet. No adequate idea of the simplicity of a Celtic bard could, perhaps, be given in modern heroic verse; but he recollected that, notwithstanding this objection, the only copy of Homer, which this country ought not to blush at acknowledging, was framed on that model: and, had the subject of Fingal been intrinsically so interesting as the enthusiasm of its admirers originally seduced them to imagine it, Mr. Hole's poem might have stood the test of a comparison with the captivating and noble epic of Pope, which it certainly rivals in harmony of numbers and felicity of expression. Mr. H.'s early and lasting attachment, both to Homer and his translator, led him to enter the lists more openly with the latter, by publishing a version of that hymn to Ceres, which has alternately been ascribed, and denied to belong, to the former. After noticing this work, we need add nothing to the general observations we have made, which apply equally to all the poetical productions of our author. 'Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment' is the most important, and the most highly finished of his poems. Its fable is interesting, many of its characters forcibly conceived and well supported, its machinery original and perfectly appropriate. One of its greatest misfortunes, perhaps, is that it was produced at a period most fatally prolific of *epics*; and that unfortunate, and much-abused title, has contributed to rank it, in the esteem of many, among the Alfreds, Joans of Arc, and Richards-Cour-de-Lion of the day, above all which, its intrinsic merit, in our judgment, claims a considerable exaltation.

Many smaller poems of Mr. H.'s have appeared, from time to time, in various temporary and local publications, some of which are well known to the world, and are highly esteemed by the most judicious part of it. In the latter years of his life, he seldom indulged his fancy in its former poetical excursions, but devoted his talents to works of general taste, criticism, and belles lettres. During this period

he became one of the original members, and most active supports, of a literary society at Exeter, in the neighbourhood of which city he had constantly resided; and a collection of essays, which was, in due time, published in the name of this society, contains three or four very ingenious and agreeable contributions from his hand. On two of these, entitled 'Remarks on the Character of Shylock' and 'on the Character of Iago,' much ill-natured criticism has been bestowed, and much over-weening morality thrown away. When Swift produced his most *grave* and *serious* project for benefiting the condition of the poor in Ireland, by converting sucking-infants into useful and *delicate* articles of *nourishment* for their hard-working parents, and for the community at large, he was assailed by the clamorous abuse of all the draymen and porters of Dublin, who probably imagined that the cannibal Dean of St. Patrick's had already furnished his pantry with a store of these *human porkers*; and when Mr. H. in a vein of dry humour, with which he was peculiarly gifted, argued the *humanity* of the Jew, and the *honour* of the ancient, many honest christians lifted up their hands and eyes with a degree of horror, which could hardly be justified on any other supposition, than that he had actually taken a bond for a pound of man's flesh, and stolen an embroidered handkerchief from the General of the district, with a view of instigating him to smother his wife.

The last of Mr. H.'s publications was entitled 'Remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' in which he endeavours to shew that many of the stories in that most delightful collection of romances, are not to be considered merely in the light of wild and improbable fictions, but as valuable illustrations of real manners and characters, of the general habit of sentiment and belief that obtained among nations and individuals. More particularly, with respect to the '*speciosa miracula*' that so plentifully bestrew the narratives, they are often, as he argues, nothing more than the overcharged descriptions given by travellers of real objects and circumstances, and often the results of general and popular superstitions, of which the origin is to be traced, or the resemblance to be discovered, in the more familiar religious systems of Greece or Rome, or of our own Scandinavian and German ancestors. In the investigation of this most curious and interesting train of speculation, Mr. H. confined himself principally to the well known voyages of Sindbad, which every child knows to be the most marvellous story in the whole collection, and therefore very fit to be taken as a specimen of the rest. Mr. H. follows the Ara-

lian sailor, from his setting out through the whole series of his adventures, accompanied by Sir John Mandeville, Rubruquis, Marcus Paulus the Venetian, Benjamin of Tudela, Purchas's Host of Pilgrims, and a whole cloud of other witnesses, who prove Sindbad to be, if not an oracle of truth, at least hardly deserving his character of the prince of liars, considering the company in which Mr. H. has placed him : and, whenever we are at fault, and neither of these right honest worthies can keep pace with the eastern fabulist, we are generally helped to recover the scent by the unexpected and strange intervention, perhaps, of Ulysses and Calypso, of Jason and his Argonauts, or, possibly, of Ochther the Dane, or some Scandinavian hero, whose exploits are detailed by Olaus Magnus.

To a mind so fond of curious speculation and fanciful theory as Mr. Hole's, the pursuit of this most singular subject must have produced a fund of original and never-failing amusement ; and it was, probably, in the course of his wanderings in quest of Sindbad, that he fell in company with Ulysses, from whom he soon fancied he might be able to fish out the real truth of his much-disputed history. Soon after the appearance of his last-mentioned publication, he began to apply his thoughts to this new subject of investigation, the design of which, was to bring together all the instances of resemblance to be met with between the wonders which Ulysses records to his Phæacian host, the prevailing superstitions of the nations with whom Homer may be supposed to have had any intercourse, or with whom Greece, in Homer's time, could have any connection or communication, and the narratives, either authentic, or doubtful, or fabulous, of travellers of all ages and countries, as far as they could be brought to bear, in the remotest degree, upon the Odyssey. From the whole mass of these curious and intricate speculations, the author designed to have inferred the extreme *probability* that Homer, in relating the wanderings of Ulysses after the destruction of Troy, gave the history of a voyage which was actually accomplished, and of adventures which were really experienced, adorned only by the allowable graces of poetical imagery and diction, and diversified by the natural disposition to romance of a traveller conscious of having gone through unusual difficulties and dangers, and wishing to make the worst of them to an audience composed of credulous landsmen, who could never have an opportunity of contradicting whatever statements he might chuse to impose upon their belief.

We have here spoken from our own recollection of the general outline and contents of an unfinished manuscript,

with the perusal of which we were gratified, even at a period not long previous to the death of its much-valued author. We are not able positively to speak as to the degree of perfection to which it was advanced by him; but it should seem that no part of it had been brought to a regular completion, except a small portion which was originally intended only for a prefatory discourse, or introductory chapter to the main work. Such, at least, is what we always considered to have been his meaning with regard to the 'Essay on the Character of Ulysses,' which is now, after an interval of three years since his death, presented to the public. We are happy in having this opportunity of representing what we believe to be an accurate statement of the facts attending the composition of this little work, being surprised to observe that, in the advertisement prefixed to it, though it is professed to have been published by some of the most intimate of the author's friends, no notice whatever is taken of that more extensive undertaking to which it ought to be considered only in the light of an appendage: the obvious consequence is, that it will be very wrongly appreciated by all those who are not acquainted, as we happen to be, with the attending circumstances.

In one passage, indeed, of the little work before us (p.120.), the author distinctly refers to an intended publication of the nature we have mentioned; and this passage, at least, ought to have drawn an explanation at full length from his editors, if they are in possession of the posthumous papers from which they offer this as a selection.

But we have too long delayed what we had to say on the particular subject before us, of which we must now content ourselves with giving a summary review. We cannot elucidate the general plan of the author more clearly or concisely than by stating in his own words the conception on which he proceeded in forming it.

'A perusal of the Odyssey, however, with some attention has inclined me to consider the character of its hero, not only as Homer's chef d'œuvre, but as an excellent representation, not exceeded by the most skilful copyists of nature in any succeeding age.

'To examine this extraordinary personage, depicted by an author, who, according to the best of our knowledge, first attempted to unfold the passions of the human mind, to develop its secret springs and latent motions, it is hoped, will prove an investigation neither destitute of interest nor curiosity. His pages, *καλον καλεσπον*, 'hold the mirror up to nature,' and reflect our own similitudes in a race of beings, whose real forms, long since blended with their primitive dust, have faded from existence for nearly three thousand years. He brings them alive before our eyes, and shews

us, in an infinite variety of situations, man, as he was, as he is now is, and in the example of Ulysses, to the best of his conception possibly, *man as he ought to be.*

And a little further,

'The Odyssey, according to my apprehension, is as truly a moral romance, founded on real facts, as the *Cyropædia* of *Zenophon*: and its hero is exhibited as a model of piety and patience, of exemplary affection to his family, his friends and country, of consummate valour, conduct, fortitude and wisdom. The latter, which is the most striking feature in his character, accompanies him, allegorically personified, thro'out the Odyssey, separates him from Calypso at first, and finally concludes a treaty of peace for him with his rebellious Ithacans. From this quality, like ramifications from a vigorous trunk shoot, various others of a kindred nature—*circumspection, penetration, cunning, invention, versatility, address, and oratorical persuasion.* Talents most undoubtedly not equally estimable, and some of no estimation in our eyes: yet it will perhaps hereafter appear that in those of Homer none of them tended to his hero's discredit. His virtues however, those which we allow to be such, are never carried to an unnatural height. His fortitude gives way to tears when he reflects on his long absence from his native country; and, when detained in the enchanted powers of a beautiful goddess, he for a while forgets it. He is not a faultless monster, but an elevated human character, exhibited for admiration and imitation.

—"quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulysses." L. i. Ep. 2.

To those who are acquainted with the general character of Mr. Hole's works and of his mind, this exposition of his design will forcibly recall the image of the author. It contains the striking picture of an imagination, strong and active, which, having once fixed itself on some visionary object that it has met with during its excursions in the fields of conjecture, drags it into existence before the light of day, gives it a name and a body, and actually builds on its own visionary foundations a superstructure of intrinsic strength and solidity. Few men would have thought of discovering, in Homer's Ulysses, the model of a perfect character; yet, in some happy moment when the reins were given up to fancy, the idea casually suggested itself, which he afterwards pursued and consolidated with all the powers of his reason, till he has actually produced, in support of it, such a chain of argument as (taken within the bounds within which he himself has circumscribed its generality) will not be very easily confuted.

The arrangement of this little book is not quite so accu-

rate or well connected as the nature of an argumentative work requires ; but it is hardly fair to dwell upon this as a fault, since it is uncertain how far Mr. H. considered it as complete. At any rate, as long as he lived, it was liable to his own revision and correction, and it would probably have undergone considerable alterations in his hands before it was committed to the press. The editors, however, deserve praise for having abstained from interfering in so delicate a business as amending papers that might have appeared to them imperfect, a privilege which ought perhaps in no case to be admitted, but where the author has left particular directions for the purpose.

He, apparently, begins to argue on the different virtues which he has ascribed to his hero, singly, and in order ; but soon relinquishes that course, and takes every action or enterprise in which he is concerned, according to the chronological succession in which it occurs, through the *Iliad* first, and afterwards through the *Odyssey*. The principle on which he proceeds is, however, strictly adhered to ; that, in order to estimate rightly the characters which Homer has delineated, we must place ourselves, by relation, in those times and among those people whose manners and actions he describes ; we must divest ourselves of the opinions which the morality of the gospel, and of the most enlightened heathen philosophers has cultivated in our minds, and confine ourselves to that system which we may collect from Homer's writings that he himself acknowledged. Thus, when we speak of a hero, pious, humane, prudent, chaste, and honourable, according to the doctrines of the poet, we must represent to ourselves the character of a man, punctual to all the rites and ceremonies of religion, merciful and affectionate to those over whom Jove has invested him with the divine rights of a sovereign, artful, versatile, circumspect, and (according to modern acceptation) cunning, too wise and temperate to be lost in the pursuit of pleasure, careful and religious in respecting the property of friends, allies, and subjects. But we are not to suppose that these attributes include the christian duties of love to God and our neighbour, of forgiveness of injuries, of mildness and compassion towards an humbled enemy, or that any contradiction is implied when we behold the man of honour exercising the functions of a robber or pirate, or the temperate and abstemious man occasionally lulled asleep in the arms of a mistress. A short extract will exemplify more particularly the general style of argument pursued in this essay:

‘In respect, however, to Ulysses’ connexion with Calypso, the

most substantial defence is, that concubinage in his days had no degree of criminality annexed to it, nor did any disgrace attend the fruit of such an union. Agamemnon, in his rapturous praise of Teucer, recalls that circumstance,* as if it tended to enhance his merit, according to Eustathius' opinion, but unquestionably not by way of disparagement. Ulysses, likewise, when in disguise, and willing to conciliate the favour of Eumæus, professes himself the son of a concubine.† He adds, at the same time, that in his youth he associated with pirates; a declaration according to modern ideas even less calculated to strengthen his interest with the honest swine-herd, and which will be considered hereafter.

The whole subject of the essay is again concisely summed up at the conclusion of the book, with which we, also, will conclude our remarks.

'The subject would admit of further amplification, but it is hoped that enough has been said to establish the point which is contended; that no mental excellence nor moral virtue can easily be discovered, that is not exemplified, so far as Homer's ideas extended, in the character of Ulysses; and yet, as I conceive, those talents and virtues are so happily modified and blended, that they never appear forced, unnatural, or extraneous: they harmonise together, and constitute a character no less singular than splendid, as the prismatic colours melt into each other, and form one luminous spot. That a man, existing in an unpolished and barbarous age, who it may be fairly conjectured, had no model (but of the rudest kind,) should be endued with energy of mind to conceive, and possessed of talents to display a character so complicated and complete in such a variety of difficult and interesting situations, cannot but command our wonder and admiration. The more minutely it is examined, the more evidently we find that the design, however bold, is exceeded by the happiness of the execution.'

ART. IX.—*Letters and Papers on Agriculture, Planting, &c. selected from the Correspondence of the Bath and West of England Society, for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. Vol. X. pp. 424. 8vo. 8s. boards. Robinson.*

IT cannot be doubted that the beneficial influence of the Bath Agricultural Society, which has now been established

* Il. viii. 283. Honest Sancho, in more modern days, adopted the sentiment of "the king of men;" and agreed with the squire of the wood, that calling any person the son of a ———, when meant in a friendly manner, was a decided compliment.

† *Odys. xiv. 302.*

nearly thirty years, has been very considerable, not only in its immediate vicinity, but throughout the whole united kingdom. Its meetings and publications have taught men to observe, reflect, and reason, on subjects formerly deemed inscrutable, and its premiums and honours have elicited a laudable spirit of emulation amongst that class of men, who, from the nature of their employment and their habits of life, are the most rivetted to their ancient usages. Facts, however, are the most efficient arguments; the Bath Society has been the means of inclosing and cultivating twenty thousand acres of the Mendip hills; above thirty thousand acres of marsh land have been drained, and more than ten thousand inclosed and cultivated by its influence in Somersetshire alone, constituting altogether an advance in the rental of the county, of at least sixty thousand pounds per annum. If we consider the additional number of persons necessary to cultivate sixty thousand acres every year, we shall be at no loss to account for the rapid increase of our population during the last twenty years.

The tenth volume, which is now before us, contains thirty-two papers, with a preface, and an *éloge* on the late Duke of Bedford, by the editor, Mr. Matthews. On this merited, but over-laboured panegyric, we are not called upon to dwell, but shall proceed to examine the papers, since no arrangement has been made in the disposition of them under the heads of their respective authors. The first paper, by the Rev. Mr. Townsend, on 'the food of plants,' informs us of nothing new. He says that the soil in the vicinity of Barcelona, 'is principally quartz, from decomposed granite;' we apprehend the author must have mistaken primitive lime-stone and breccias for granite, as we know of nothing like it near Barcelona, nor even at Montserrat. Mr. Wagstaffe furnishes some interesting remarks 'on reclaiming Waste Lands,' and recommends the planting of oaks, and poplars, and willows in the ditches and hedge-rows of newly cultivated districts. Mr. L. Tugwell has two papers, one on 'newly constructed Drags and Harrows,' and the other, on a new method of 'slating;' the former is a very evident and a very necessary improvement, which has been copied into most of our periodical publications on agricultural affairs. It consists principally in constructing the wood of the harrow so that no two of its teeth can form a line, and that the teeth shall cut horizontally, and not vertically, as they have hitherto done. We agree with the author in thinking it extraordinary that no improvement should have been sooner made on this necessary but awkward instrument. We are sorry we cannot as fully approve

of the author's mode of slating. Something of a similar plan has been in use many years, in which screw nails were used, and which completely resisted the action of the wind, but was never perfectly impervious to the rain or moisture. Putty was also used, as recommended by Mr. Tugwell, but the birds pecked it so as to render it useless. Another evil in this plan is sufficiently obvious, that should a small stone or other hard body fall on the slates, they would either be shattered, or broken in such a manner as it would be very difficult to remedy. Upon the whole, we have still to lament that a more durable and light method of slating, and more impervious to wind and water, is yet a desideratum in the construction of buildings.

Mr. Davis favours us with several ingenious 'Answers to the Queries on the State of Crops,' &c. in 1800; 'on Planting,' 'Leasing on Lives,' and 'entering Lands,' and 'on the Management of Marsh Lands, Irrigation,' &c. In accounting for the failure in the crops of 1800 by the 'blight,' 'rust, or mildew,' (the former is properly applied to the disease in the ear, the latter to that in the stalk,) the author adopts the opinion that it is a fungus, called by Lambert, *uredo frumenti*, and anticipates* the opinion of Sir Joseph Banks, that 'its seeds are floating in the air, and lodge on the stalks of wheat when newly wetted, take root, grow rapidly, and from that moment the grain in the ear loses all its nourishment from the root, and shrivels away.' It is also observed, 'that as weak animals are more subject to disease than strong ones, so are weak crops. Wheat on lands exhausted by continual crops, though highly manured,† is most subject to blight, for want of that necessary *fast foot-hold* which wheat particularly requires. In a highly-manured garden wheat is generally blighted; on a dunghill it is always so.' Why these 'floating seeds' should particularly adhere to wheat in such situations and not in others, we leave to their advocates to determine. The question however is more serious than they seem to apprehend; and if men will continue to receive the mere effusions of a heated imagination, occasioned by a rage for system and the *foppery* of science, as experimental truths, we can have little hope that this evil will be speedily eradicated. Whilst

* This paper is dated Nov. 1800, that of the Baronet Jan. 1805.

† There is nothing more certain, than that manuring may be carried to excess in warm climates. Where irrigation is practised, it often happens that by this process the farmers are much more successful at increasing the quantity than the quality of their grain, and although they may have more bushels of wheat, they have fewer pounds of flour. The same occurs frequently in this country.

'seeds floating in the air,' which were never seen by any person; and which in fact exist only in the fancy of some of the more visionary botanists, are ascribed as the efficient cause of mildew or blight, few persons will be so hardy as to attempt to find a remedy: but if a more sound philosophy were disseminated, if experiments were instituted, and the real cause developed, if all practical men were convinced of the fact, that the excrescences on the stalks of wheat are nothing but the obstructed juices of the plant, and that this obstruction is facilitated by frequent transitions from heat to cold (the latter being generated by the evaporation of the moisture, which is admitted to be an active agent in this disease) and by a kind of sthenic diathesis (if we may be allowed the expression), the consequence of *forcing* the vegetable beyond its natural powers of growth; if these truths, instead of fanciful theories, were more attentively considered, we might then hope to discover a remedy for the evil complained of. The following circumstance should have been long since established on a more certain basis:

'Blighted wheat, though so much reduced in quantity and quality as to its productiveness in *flour*, is *very little, if any, the worse for seed*. It is certainly a paradox: but the oldest and best farmers hold it as a maxim, *that blighted wheat will grow as well as the most perfect grain; and that the crop produced by the former is not more subject to blight than that produced from the latter*. I do not defend the practice, but I have known it repeatedly successful; and I have seen the farmers more anxious to get blighted wheat for sowing this year than ever. One reason may be that they get it cheaper; another, that they have more grains in a bushel; but admitting the fact, a better reason strikes me, viz. that the seed lies longer in the ground than that of plump grain, and is not apt to burst (or melt, as it is sometimes provincially called) before it vegetates.'

We regret that our limits prescribe us the power of detailing the contents of the other papers by this very able agriculturist. His essay on 'Planting,' evinces both a practical and scientific knowledge of the subject, and deserves the attention of all those interested in that department. The two papers on 'leasing Estates for Lives,' and 'entering on Lands,' are no less interesting.

Lord Somerville presents the Society with a correct estimate of the quantity of labour performed by oxen in one year, whence his lordship infers that their great superiority over horses for agricultural purposes is sufficiently manifest. The question is too controversial for us to interfere in. His lordship also communicates an account of the produce of

Merino Wool made into Broad Cloth,' but it would not be intelligible to those who have not seen the specimens.

Mr. Billingsley claimed the Society's premium for ploughing 385 acres, and harrowing 291 on the Mendip hills, with eight oxen in eleven months, the whole expence of which, including wear and tear, amounted only to 4s. 10½d. per acre for ploughing, and 2s. 6d. for harrowing. Had the same been let by hire, it would have cost 8s. per acre for ploughing, and 4s. for harrowing; so that a saving is obtained of nearly a half by the use of oxen instead of horses. The same author, in conjunction with the editor and others, gives an interesting 'Survey of Mr. Parsons's Farm,' which obtained the Society's premium as being the most complete in the county of Somerset. It may not be improper here to enumerate some of the agricultural labours of Mr. Billingsley: it appears that he has 'procured the inclosure of 40,000 acres; that he has himself inclosed and cultivated 4000; that he has made 100 miles of fencing; that he has planted 1,500,000 thorn plants, besides other trees; that he has burned and spread 500,000 bushels of lime, ploughed 15,000 acres, and invented a plough which occasions a saving of 2s. an acre, and which has been to himself a means of saving him 3,000l. and to his neighbours on the Mendip hills, about 500l. per annum.'

We pass over a very lame report of a committee on Lord Somerville's claim to a premium for 'the greatest number and most profitable sort of sheep' in proportion to the extent of the pasturage, to notice Dr. Parry's more accurate statement, from which we learn, that on land not worth more than 36s. per acre, his lordship pastured 1085 sheep, which gave a net profit of 1,504l. 8s. 6d., or 9l. 1s. 3d. per acre. Dr. Parry also laid before the society at its annual meeting, the results of his own meritorious labours during thirteen years in the breeding of sheep and improving of wool. These results are contained in the following propositions, and clearly demonstrate that, under the management of this enlightened breeder, we can now boast of possessing animals superior to any others in Europe; namely, sheep which bear the finest pile on the largest carcass.

'I. The first position which I shall endeavour to establish, is, that the wool of the fourth crop of this breed (Ryeland ewes with Merino rams) is fully equal in fineness to that of the male parent stock in England.

'II. By breeding from select Merino-Ryeland rams and ewes of this stock, sheep may be obtained, the fleeces of which are superior both to those of the cross-bred parents, and of course to those of the original progenitors of the pure Merino blood in England.

* III. From mixed rams of this breed, sheep may be obtained having wool at least equal in fineness to the best which can be procured from Spain.

* IV. Wool from sheep of a proper modification of Merino and Ryeland, will make cloth equal to that from the Spanish wool imported into this country.

* V. The proportion of fine wool in the fleeces of this cross breed is equal, if not superior, to that of the best Spanish piles.

* VI. This wool is more profitable in the manufacture than the best Spanish.*

* VII. The lambs' wool of the Merino-Ryeland breed will make finer cloth than the best of that of the pure Merino breed.

* VIII. Should long wool of this degree of fineness be wanted for shawls, or any manufacture which cannot be perfected with our common coarse long wools, the ram's fleece of the cross breed will prove that this can be effected by allowing the fleece to remain on the animal unshorn for two years.

* IXth, and last proposition; that although I have never selected a breeding ram or ewe on account of any other quality than the fineness of the fleece, this stock is already much improved as to the form of its carcase, comparatively with the Merinos originally imported.*

All these propositions were illustrated by specimens submitted to the inspection of the whole society: to which it is added, that wethers of this breed, 'may easily be made to weigh 16 or 18 lb. per quarter.' In this interesting memoir, which is in every respect worthy of the talents and reputation of its author, we have found only one expression against which we must enter our decided protest; it is in the concluding sentence, in which Dr. P. intimates his intention of not troubling the society in future on this subject. We hope the doctor has not resolved to decline all farther experiments in sheep-breeding; and although it is evident that his flocks have attained a degree of perfection which a few years ago would have been deemed impossible in this country, yet it is fair to conclude that he who has already done so much, may still do more. And from the philosopher whose experiments have been so eminently successful, and so important to his country, the public, without any ingratitude for the past, never expect the termination of his labours, but at the end of his valuable life.

Mr. A. Young has compiled a pretty copious Essay on Manures,* which gained the first 'Bedfordian gold medal,'

* * * Forty-eight pounds of scoured Spanish wool make about 27½ yards of broad cloth; whereas the same quantity of the Doctor's wool made 30½ yards, which in 1802 sold for 23s. a yard.* This is a most important advantage of nearly 1-10th more cloth.

value 20 guineas. It may not be improper to remark here, that the excellent 'design of this medallion' is the production of a lady, the ingenious Miss Fanshawe.'—Mr. Hallet informs the society of his success in destroying insects on fruit trees by tobacco water. Mr. Pryce suggests some useful hints on the best means of employing the poor in workhouses. Mr. Matthews writes two sensible dissertations, one on the 'high price of provisions,' and another on the 'utility of making family wines.' The latter, we think, is a subject highly worthy of attention, and does honour both to the head and heart of the author. He proposes the cultivation of black currants, as likely to furnish a salutary juice, of which a pleasant wine might be made for the use of the sick poor. Loudon has recommended the cultivation of the mulberry-tree for this laudable purpose; we think both practicable, and deserving every possible encouragement. Mr. Gordon Grey submits some observations, as axioms, 'on the most profitable size of farming cattle,' all of which are decidedly in favour of small or middling sized animals. This paper is well calculated to check the injurious practice of propagating useless over-grown cattle, which are neither fit for food nor labour. The last paper we shall mention contains the most original proposition, on the 'cultivation of the poppy,' for the purpose of extracting an oil from its seeds, to be substituted for olive oil. Dr. Cogan takes the statements from the Dutch; and when we reflect that almost all our salad oil comes from the enemy, it is surely patriotic to introduce a wholesome substitute that would obviate the necessity of importing such an article. The oil is prepared from the seed of the poppy, and perhaps those now cultivated for opium, might also furnish an agreeable and nutritious oil.

From the preceding view our readers will perceive, that if this tenth volume has been retarded in the publication, it is not inferior in importance to the former; and the public are highly indebted to the enlightened editor, who has, as far as possible, divested it of all idle or visionary speculations in order to give a more explicit statement of facts and practical results. In this he has evinced much sound judgment and good sense, and his remarks are not the least valuable part of the work.—It appears that the finances of the society are not quite so prosperous as might be wished; did they change their higher *pecuniary* premiums into *honorary* ones, they might perhaps in some degree relieve these embarrassments.

ART. X.—*Comicorum Græcorum Fragmenta Quædam, curavit, et Notas addidit Robertus Walpole, A.B. Trin. Coll. Cant. 8vo. pp. 115. 5s. Boards. Mawman. 1805.*

WE had occasion to devote considerable attention to a publication of this gentleman's two years ago. The work before us is trifling in size, but by no means destitute of interest to scholars. It probably owed its origin to a hint thrown out by the great Bentley, which encouraged the learned of his time to expect a perfect collection of the fragments of Greek poetry, which lie scattered through Plutarch, Athenæus, Stobæus, the fathers, &c., under the sanction of his name.

The little volume, which is here offered to our notice, comes recommended by the well-known talents and assiduity of the collector, supported by the assistance, and in many parts of its execution, though we fear not in all, countenanced by the approbation of professor Porson. We are by no means inclined to think the editor, even unassisted, to be inadequate to the performance of what he attempted; and that, when fighting under the wing of the first scholar in the age, he should fail in the main object, that of restoring to mutilated sentences their purity, or a reading more nearly approaching to purity, and ensured by parallel instances, is impossible. He is mindful of the debt, and returns his acknowledgments in terms that are elegant and appropriate.

The errors that principally suggested themselves to us, consisted in the inaccuracy of some references, and the omission of all reference or clue to many pieces in this collection. To be correct in this point is of the first importance, and it is as easy as it is important.

Eupolis and Cratinus, the rivals in the old comedy, hold the first place; from the former of these Mr. Walpole has enriched his collection with five fragments. The first fragment is from his play called 'The People':—of this the editor gives the following account. p. 1, n. 84. 'Fragmentum hoc, forsân e fabulâ cui titulus *Δῆμος* desumptum, imitatus est Aristoph. in Ran. 733.' We see no reason for this conjecture, and many against it. The rivalry and even animosity, which subsisted between Eupolis and Aristophanes, would have prevented either from committing a plagiarism on the other. The latter was not an Athenian by birth, and such was their known antipathy, that the fifth fragment of an anonymous play inserted by our editor, and attributed to Eupolis, is supposed to be a satire against Aristophanes, and against the Athenians, who deserted their own countrymen, and conferred such distinction on a stranger.

Their dislike to each other was probably the more violent from succeeding to a degree of intimacy so close, that, like Beaumont and Fletcher, they were in some instances the joint authors of the same play. Thus we find in a scholium to the *Ἰππεῖς* of Aristophanes, v. 552, ὅτι *Εὐπολὶς συνεπίησεν Ἀριστοφάνει τὰς Ἰππεῖς*. This proof is strengthened by a fragment of Eupolis himself, who not only confesses the fact, but shews his antipathy for his fellow-labourer more clearly by the opprobrious appellation of 'Bald head.'—τὰς *Ἰππίας* συνέπιησα τῷ *Φαλακρῷ*.

We select a few instances of happy corrections and illustrations in the text, in which the *Phidiaca manus* of professor Porson will be discerned, and in some of which the editor will take his station as a critic.

P. 5. 85. v. 15. Editum legebatur σκῶμμα γὰρ εἴπας ἔλεγες. Egregia est Porsoni emendatio. The professor has here cleared away the mist, and in a manner which shews him to have been attentive to the mandate of Roscommon—

Consult your author with himself compared.

For in a scholium to the *Vespæ*, v. 57. the same epithet attached to the same substantive guarantees the safety of this reading. τὸ σκῶμμα ἀσελγὲς καὶ Μεγαρικὸν σφόδρα.

P. 5. 85. v. 1. τὰμα δὲ ἐνέητε ῥήματ'. Ita P. pro πολλὰ καὶ ἐνέητε χρηματ'.

P. 27. 101. v. 1. Mnesimachus.

'Ita P. legebatur ἄρ' οἷσθ' ὅτι πρὸς ἄνδρας ἐστὶ σοι μαχητίον. Grotius, ἄρ' οἷσθ' ὅτι σοι πρὸς ἄνδρας ἐστὶ μαχητίον. Ex hoc autem Mnesimachi fragmento colorem duxerunt versus Gallici quidam, quorum indicium Porsoni debemus,

'Ne demande autre dragiés
Que pointes d'espées brisiés,
Et fers de glaive à la moustarde,
C'est un mes qui forment li tarde;
Et haubers desmailliés au poivre,
Et veut la grant poudriere boire
Avec l'alcine des chevaux.

Fabliaux par Le Grand.

Mr. Walpole's suggestion to p. 28, Xenarchus, v. 16, is a good supplement to the sense, and is well supported—'An legendum ἔχειν τιν' pro ἐκείνῳ? Quis Chrysidem habuit? Ter. Andr.'

Menander 33. 107. Δυσκολῶ. ἂ ἔδ' μὴ σεαυτῷ. P. pro ἐν δ' ἔδ' ἐν αὐτῷ, quod Bentleius dedit. ἐν δὲ μὴδ' ἑαυτῷ apud Stobæum. This reading of the professor seems to have been partly suggested by a note on this passage in le Clerc, p. 50. ἐν μὴδ' ἑαυτῷ,

Ita nos sensum verbis reddidimus, nam vulgo ἐὶ δὲ μὴ δ' ἐπύθη, sed MS. *ἰαυῖς*, et interpunctionem sustulimus post κύριος. Grotius. Hic *ἰαυῖς* in secundâ personâ intelligendum quasi esset *σεαυῖς*, quod apud Atticos scriptores sæpe occurrit. The emendation of this passage, with so small a deviation from the *ductus literarum*, is an instance of acumen almost unparalleled.

Μισογύνη. Many fragments have been assigned to plays in an arbitrary manner, and merely from a slight coincidence. The entire passage given by our editor, p. 35. occurs in Stobæus Tit. 69, without the name of the play from which it is supposed to have been rent. Four of the verses were referred to a play of this name. Mr. Walpole has neglected to mention the great changes which this fragment has undergone, from the omission or insertion of the fifth and sixth lines, which make a separate fragment in Le Clerc, and the substitution of *προσδοκωμένων* for *προσδεχομένων*.

It were to be wished that the editor had inserted some little introductory matter to those pieces, which were involved in any ambiguity. This might have been frequently introduced in the very words of the author who had preserved the fragment, and would have saved his readers the trouble of distant references: thus, p. 6. v. 1, note 86. *Homicida*. the editor contents himself with touching on the word *κατακλίσθαι*. He should have referred his readers to Athen. Lib. 7. p. 279. Cas: and the following short introduction to the lines in question would have reconciled the abruptness of the fragment: *καὶ ἐν τῷ ἀνδροφονῷ δὲ ἐπιγραφόμενῳ ὁ αὐτὸς Πλάταια διακλαίει· τινὰ τῶν ἐπισκευῶν φιλοσόφων ἐπιφέρει, ἔξον γυναικὶ ἔχοντα.* x7λ.

The duty imposed on an editor of mutilated fragments, is to purge off the dross, to purify the corruptions of the text, and to elicit from dark and difficult passages as much consistency with the general context, as can be done, with the smallest deviations from the arrangement of the letters. Were this the only labour, the present editor has, according to our judgment, and a judgment most probably far exceeding ours, succeeded in his design. But to the faults before mentioned we are obliged to add another of some magnitude, in the selection of certain fragments which neither required nor received any, or at most a trifling emendation.

Had the editor indulged us with a larger collection, this remark had been nugatory. But as he has confined his labours to but few specimens, he would have made a more valuable present to his friends (and among these he may number
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more consistently, by admitting nothing but what stood in need of amendment. The lines from Timocles might have been omitted, not from deficiency in interest, but because it was submitted pure and unmutilated to his hands; and his text is verbatim, with the exception of μέλλω for δυνῶ, the same as that of Wakefield.

The many exquisite fragments which lie scattered through Stobæus, Athenæus, &c. and the vast collection arranged under the names of Menander and Philemon, open a field to the enterprising, so spacious, that we are dissatisfied with the insertion of a single piece, which is not eminently beautiful or interesting, from the light which it might be made to throw on the manners and institutions of the most polished nation of antiquity.

We cannot conclude without expressing a hope, from the following hint in the preface to this work, that the editor considers his present publication rather as a trial of his strength, than an end of his toils:

‘Cum adeo periculosæ aleæ argumentum plenum sit, ne quis miretur quod paucas tantummodo Comicorum Græcorum reliquias jam ipse selegerim in quibus periculum facerem, quibusque operam meam qualemcunque navarem. Minime vero dubitandum est, quin doctis omnibus, emunctæque naris hominibus se satis probare possint, ob ipsarum venustatem, urbanitatem, “illasque solis Atticis concessas veneres.”’

During the suspension of professor Porson's labours, the learned must rejoice in the intimacy subsisting between him and a gentleman so capable of appreciating, and so zealous in giving publicity to his communications, which had otherwise been locked up from the world. We shall hail the time when Mr. Walpole shall enter the field again, and, defended as he is at present by Ἀνδρὸς σάκευ Τεταμωνιάδαο, shall bring to conclusion, what he has begun, under auspices so highly promising.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Grantham, at the Visitation of the Reverend the Archdeacon of Lincoln, &c. &c. By George Gordon, B. D. Precentor of Exeter, &c. 4to. Rivingtons. 1805.*

TO those who are acquainted with the precentor of Exeter, it will not be a matter of surprize, that when called upon to preach

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before the clergy, he should fulfil his task in a manner very creditable to himself. From Coloss. ii. 8. he points out the various sorts of false philosophy, and offers many excellent remarks on the present state of the christian world. The following extract, much longer than we are accustomed to make, could not be abridged without destroying some of its effect; we must therefore give it to our readers as it is.

‘In these suggestions, however, intended merely as the counsels of prudence against ‘philosophy and vain deceit,’ let it never for an instant be conceived, that there is the smallest design to favour intolerance and persecution, or in any degree to interfere with the sacred right of private judgment. I feel sincerely for the honest scruples of a doubting mind, and would not wantonly wound the conscience of the weakest brother. I would not judge uncharitably of any man’s motives, nor, with rash and indiscriminating haste, at once construe dissent into disaffection. In many instances I can allow for the zeal which I cannot approve, and respect the principle, whilst I regret its ‘lack of knowledge.’ I think it both unreasonable and unjust in the highest degree, that, because a man is more devout than others in his religious exercises, or more grave and serious in his general deportment, he is therefore to be held up as a fanatic, or a hypocrite: but on the other hand, I think it equally unreasonable and unjust, that the consolation and joy which some men find in believing, or the ease and innocent cheerfulness which are natural to some men’s tempers, should immediately be represented as thoughtless levity, or carnal security. I would readily allow that in many who are no enthusiasts, there may be an inward experience of divine grace, which other good and pious men, if they feel it at all, certainly do not feel to the same extent: but, where I see the humble, unassuming christian steadily persevering in the paths of duty, evidencing the sincerity of his faith, by the surest of all tests, the holiness of his life, under circumstances such as these, I can on no account whatsoever concur in the idea, that the want of this inward experience is a mark of reprobation. I am fully aware, that some teachers are better qualified than others for the work of the ministry, and for the edification of their hearers; but for this superiority I look to the sober ornaments of education and learning, of knowledge in the sacred writings, and of an exemplary conduct, and not to those extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost, which in this advanced period of the gospel dispensation, there is no ground at all for expecting. I give the credit of good intentions to many, whose enthusiasm I lament; but I ‘believe not every spirit,’ nor can I yield a ready assent to the reality of that inspiration, of which I have no other proof, than the assertion of him who claims it, I would willingly live in peace and harmony with men of all sects and persuasions: but I cannot, out of deference to those of any, forego my allegiance to the establishment of which I am a member; nor do I feel myself called upon, at once to give the right hand of fellowship to each self-appointed teacher, each rash intruder into the sacred minis-

try of Christ : these seem to be the distinctions of moderation and sober sense, equally removed from those opposite extremes, so disgraceful to christians, and so injurious to the cause of christianity.' p. 23.

We cannot take our leave of the author, without informing him that we have noticed passages, which, though not incorrect, yet certainly discover a little neglect of composition, as a habit. We should not have taken the trouble to offer this hint to Mr. Gordon, but from a desire that we may again have an opportunity of paying our respects to him.

ART. 12.—*An Essay towards a connected Elucidation of the prophetical Part of the Apocalypse, compiled with the Help of some original Communications, by Stephen Morell, Little Baddow, Essex. 8vo. pp. 113. Price 3s. Conder. 1805.*

THIS work is introduced by a sensible preface, and is in itself of a respectable character ; but having lately entered much at length into the consideration of the authenticity and genuineness of the 'Apocalypse,' we shall now only refer our readers to what has been said in our review of Woodhouse's translation of it. See Crit. Rev. for January last, p. 31.

ART. 13.—*A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Durham, at the ordinary Visitation of that Diocese in the Year 1806. By Shute, Bishop of Durham. 4to. 1s. Bulmer and Co. 1806.*

IN this charge are exhibited the opposite errors of the romanists and dissenters ; the grounds of our separation from the Romish church are reviewed, and, as occasions and local necessities may require, the duty of impressing them powerfully and frequently on the minds of the people, enforced.

ART. 14.—*The English Liturgy, a Form of sound Words. A Sermon, delivered in the Parish Churches of St. Benet, Gracechurch, St. Mary, Stoke Newington, and St. Mary, Islington, by George Gaskin, D.D. Rector of St. Benet, Gracechurch, and of Stoke Newington, and Lecturer of Islington. 8vo. Rivingtons. 1806.*

DR. Gaskin here gives a brief, but comprehensive View of the Liturgy of the established Church, and has made it his aim to prove that it is a form of sound words, 'in virtue of its being constructed according to the best models of christian antiquity, and as it includes all things requisite to the orderly administration of the sacraments, and the reverent and edifying public performance of other divine services ; in virtue of its implying, that the church, whose liturgy it is, is of an apostolical constitution ; and in consideration that it asserts and inculcates the pure, genuine, fundamental doctrines of christianity.'

ART. 15.—*The Spirituality of the Divine Essence, a Sermon preached before the associated Ministers and Churches of Hampshire, September the 24th, 1806, and published at the united Request of the Ministers and Congregation of Farcham, where it was delivered. By John Styles. 8vo. 1s. Williams and Smith. 1806.*

ON a subject so frequently investigated as the present, it is impossible for the preacher to add any new remarks; Mr. Styles, however, has compensated for the want of novelty, by a perspicuous arrangement, a judicious selection of argument, and impressive language.

ART. 16.—*The beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper on Domestic Happiness. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

THE public benefits of christianity on the temporal concerns of mankind, have been ably stated by the present bishop of London: it is the object of the treatise before us, to shew the beneficial tendency of christianity in domestic life, and to point out the means by which it may be made the source of private comfort and enjoyment. If the anonymous author has not equalled the pious and learned prelate in the execution of his undertaking, yet he has succeeded in placing certain christian duties in a clear, novel, and interesting point of view.

ART. 17.—*The Utility of academical Institutions to the Church of Christ. A Sermon preached at Hoxton Chapel, June 26, 1806, before the Supporters of the Hoxton College, at their Anniversary; by Benjamin Cracknell, A. M. Minister of Weymouth Chapel. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Longman. 1806.*

AMONG the protestant dissenters, have been produced men equally distinguished by erudition and piety, who have been the ornaments of the age in which they have flourished, and an honour to the nation which gave them birth. The names of Lardner, Leland, Jones, Doddridge, &c. will never be pronounced without veneration. The academies of the dissenters also produced Secker and Butler, who afterwards became the highest members of the established church. But we are very doubtful whether the Hoxton academy will ever produce any distinguished character. Too much of the Huntingdon *slang* is adopted in this seminary to be productive of any good effects. Piety is supposed to consist in extempore prayers, and learning, in a string of quotations from the scriptures; of this the sermon before us affords ample illustration.

POLITICS.

ART. 18.—*A Letter to Mr. Whitbread on the Duty of rescinding the Resolutions which preceded the Impeachment of Lord Viscount Melville. 8vo. Hatchard. 1806.*

THAT Mr. Whitbread, in the case of Lord Melville, acted as the tool

of his party, is obvious to every reflecting person. It would be uncandid so far to question the rectitude of his mind, as to suppose that this impeachment did more than proceed under his auspices. Why his chief associates withdrew themselves, why those, who in the order of things should have led, were ever reluctant and ashamed to follow, is a circumstance for which it might not be difficult to account.* The treasurer of the navy scarcely appeared in his place during the trial, until the close of the day; and the same might with truth be asserted of several of the other managers. Mr. W. had certainly just grounds of complaint on this head. At a former impeachment they were every hour on the stage. In the present case they never came before the curtain: they were contented to prompt now and then from the side scene; but no further: if the performance was condemned, the heaviest portion of disgrace would fall on Mr. W.: if it succeeded, they would no doubt have stepped in front, and shared their full dividend of honours and rewards.

Every unprejudiced person must agree with the writer of this letter, that to serve a party, however faithfully, is no praise. Faithfully to serve the public is to earn genuine and just applause. If Mr. W. be actuated by patriotic, not party motives, it is his duty as an honest man, since Lord Melville has been acquitted of the charges laid to him, to move that the resolutions which were the ground of an impeachment, be expunged from the journals of the House of Commons.

NOVELS.

ART. 19.—*The Post Captain, or the wooden Walls well manned: comprehending a View of Naval Society and Manners.* 8vo. pp. 300. 7s. Tegg. 1806.

THIS is an attempt to convey ideas of naval society and manners, in the form of dialogues between Captain Brilliant, and Messrs. Hurricane, Factor, Cæsar, Echo, and Shank; but they are surely dialogues of the dead rather than of the living, for we can almost venture to assert, that such a vulgar set of gentlemen cannot be assembled on the quarter deck of any British man of war. The race is now extinct. Vulgarity and blasphemy are not the characteristics of British naval officers in the present day, who are not more distinguished for their skill and courage, than for their polished manners and regulated conduct. British naval captains hold a proud rank in the estimation of the world, and they feel it. They are studious of adorning their reputation by mental improvement, by fashionable embellishments, by the proprieties of domestic life, and by the superior graces of religion. There may be exceptions, but we certainly have not overdrawn the general character. Perhaps ther

* Vide John Bull's Soliloquies, Crit. Rev. Aug. 1806.

is an error of the press in the title page ; and for post captain, we should read boatswain.

MEDICINE.

ART. 20.—*Cases and Cures of the Hydrophobia, selected from the Gentleman's Magazine : containing many curious and interesting Accounts relative to that most alarming Malady.* 8vo. 2s. Stace. 1807.

'BOOKS on medicine,' says Montesquieu, 'those monuments of nature's frailty and art's resources, when the treat of diseases, even the most trivial, would convince us that death was really at our doors: but when they speak of the virtues of remedies, they place us again in marvellous security, as if we were immortal.' He might have added that the less a disease is under the power of art, the greater are the number of wonder-working medicines or infallible preservatives. The pamphlet before us affords a good specimen of what we have advanced. It would seem that this hydrophobic terror is apt to invade the community periodically, when immediately a *bellum ad internecionem* is declared against the whole canine species. Hydrophobia is so rare a disease, that many physicians in good practice have never seen it, and to very few indeed have occurred more than a single case or two. We have some grounds for thinking there have not been more than two or three examples of it in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, these last ten years. Whence then arise these periodical panics? Perhaps one of Mr. Urban's correspondents may have given us the clue to unravel the mystery. 'There is great reason to believe,' he says, 'that the dreadful cases, so frequently related in the public papers, originate from persons interested in patent medicines for this complaint.' We know not whether the publication before us is intended to feed or to allay the late alarm about mad dogs. Out of a mass of frivolous and idle speculation, we find one very important direction, (we cannot lay our hand on the precise paragraph) which we wish to be universally diffused. It is that a dog suspected of madness should never be killed, till the fact is thoroughly ascertained. If the suspicion should prove false, persons who may have been bitten will be saved by this delay from an inexpressible load of terror and misery. If true, they will of course be induced to neglect no precaution, which their situation requires.

ART. 21.—*An Address to the Professors of Physic and Surgery, in the Cities of London and Westminster, proposing the Institution of a Society for investigating the Cause, Symptoms, and Cure of the Hydrophobia.* 8vo. 6d. Creighton. 1807.

THIS address seems more well-intentioned than judicious. The substance of it was delivered to the London Medical Society nearly eight years ago. That society did not think it needful even to form

a committee from their own body for prosecuting the proposed investigation. The society, in our opinion, judged right, in determining that the appointment of such a committee would have answered no good purpose. The reasons on which this opinion are founded, operate with tenfold force against any more extensive establishment. They are so obvious, that we think it needless to descend to particulars.

ART. 22.—*A Treatise on Hernia Humoralis, or swelled Testicle: to which are added, Remarks on the Opacity of the Cornea, elucidated by Cases. By Thomas Luxmoore, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 96. Highley. 1806.*

TO these two dissertations we have nothing to object, but that their author leaves his subjects very nearly where he found them. In the cure of the disease, absurdly called *hernia humoralis*, the use of the common antiphlogistic medicines and regimen is insisted upon. The opacity of the cornea is treated by scarifications upon the inside of the eye-lids, and the application of astringent and stimulant lotions. The cases adduced, to prove the utility of this practice, are not all of them very happily selected. Successful cases too, in these circumstances, prove little, if not contrasted with those of an opposite description. The merit of any practice can be determined only by the result of such a comparison.

POETRY.

ART. 23.—*The Battle of Trafalgar, an heroic Poem. By the Rev. William Hamilton Drummond, Member of the Literary Society of Belfast, &c. 12mo. 5s. 5d. Belfast. 1806.*

AFTER the numerous effusions which twelve months ago were poured forth by the rhyming race to celebrate the valour and mourn the fall of the hero of Trafalgar, we had not expected to be again called upon at this distance of time to notice a new tribute to his memory. But not content with the ephemeral renown which his unambitious brethren could have alone hoped to obtain from their respective shillings worths of verses, the present author aims at a place among those poetical worthies of our country, whom the general consent of the world has decorated with the ivy garland, and adopts the battle of Trafalgar for the subject of an heroic poem.

He has accordingly produced a work which might have been considered as a highly creditable exercise to a schoolboy not exceeding the age of fourteen. But in a gentleman, who, from the title of Reverend prefixed to his name, is evidently arrived at years of discretion, it evinces an entire deficiency of those qualities which constitute a poet. The greatest fault, and one which might perhaps supersede the necessity of adverting to any others, is a striking poverty of ideas. The few which are scattered through the present

poem, and which are really deserving the name of ideas, are such as form the basis of every exercise of every fifth-form boy. Who does not recollect, in a moment of more than usual dullness, when his Pegasus absolutely refused to obey either whip or spur, to have commenced his verses, as a *dernier ressort*, in the following manner:

Consedit celsa formosa Britannia rupe
 Fortibus et natis talia dicta dedit:
 'O mihi dilecti, gens fortunata, Britanni,' &c.

These may be found translated, or nearly so, in the fourth page of the present heroic poem.

The manner in which Mr. D.'s thoughts are expressed, is alike destitute of novelty, with the thoughts themselves; and if the style and language can occasionally boast the merit of variety, it is only where the heaviness of naked prose is relieved by a profusion of tinsel finery, and an imitation of the 'filmy, gauzy, gossamery lines' of Darwin. To conceal the real dearth of the author's conceptions, he has not failed to introduce at every page the personifications which were so favourite a trick with the latter author. To say nothing of Caledonia, Erin and Britannia, who open the ball in a *pas de trois* in the second page, several other important personages, as Victory, Fate, Havoc, Fury, Discord, Terror, Rage, Affright, Bellona, Dis, Ruin, Nature, Hell, Murder, Despair, Fame, Superstition, the Prince of Hell, Death, Carnage, Friendship, Joy, Fear, and some other personages with sounding titles, form the principal characters of the masquerade. Some of these, particularly Carnage, Death, Fate, Havoc, Murder, and Victory, retire several times to change their dresses, and re-appear attired in a different, but never in a novel, a characteristic or a distinguishable garb. Each of the ships is likewise personified; and as in a description of things from their very nature so exactly alike, it would hardly be possible to avoid a monotonous similarity, it were perhaps more fair to accuse the author of deficiency of judgment in attempting the task at all, than of deficiency of power to do it well, did not the same want of versatility manifest itself in every subject that he touches.

Not long ago, on seeing in an obscure work the name of the present author coupled with that of Mr. Hayley, with considerable commendations of their poetical merits, we happened to observe that the former had never been heard of as a poet, and the latter had never deserved to be heard of. Mr. Drummond, piqued at finding his name so little known in this country (it will be seen from the title-page that this is an Irish production), immediately forwarded us a copy of his poem, together with a very polite letter requesting an early notice, and delicately pointing out such parts of his work as he should most wish to be laid before the public. That public will do justice to our candour for offering to their notice those very passages on which the author is desirous to stake his pretensions to their favour. 'If you would not think it an unwarrantable liberty,' says Mr. D. in his letter, 'I would suggest as favourable spe-

cimens the description of the morning when the fleet left England—feelings of the sailors at the approaching battle—some of the ships, particularly the Neptune, Africa and Thunderer, the beginning of the second book, and the battle.’ To extract all these passages from a work so unimportant, would far exceed the plan of our Review; but the reader who shall think it worth his while, will easily turn to the description of the battle, which we shall omit, and take the others in order.

‘ Fair from her ruby throne, with roseate smiles,
The morn in glory clothed the sparkling isles ;
Light o’er the billow’s glassy concaves rolled
The playful radiance of her fluid gold ;
The silvery surges drank the purple day,
And rainbow colours tinged the dashing spray ;
The milk-white foam along the pebbly strand
Danced on the surf, or fringed the rustling sand ;
While round and round the sportive sea-fowl flew,
Or dipt their plumage in the briny dew.
The silken pendants from the tow’ring mast,
Stream’d o’er the waves and wantoned in the blast ;
The furrowing keels the sounding ocean plowed,
With sailors’ cries the cliffs re-echoed loud.’

‘ With eagle eye, rejoiced the Britons spied,
The mast’s tall forest rising o’er the tide :
With hearts elate they stretched the swelling sail,
Crowded each yard, invoked the favouring gale.
Swift o’er the deep with winged speed they flew,
And nearer now the frowning squadrons drew.
“ Quick, clear the decks,” the shrill voiced boatswain cries
“ Quick, clear the decks,” each hollow ship replies.
The dread command comes tingling on the ear,
Pale grows each cheek, with strange unwonted fear :
All stand a moment, lost in fixed amaze,
In awful silence, and unconscious gaze :
Their homes, their wives, their children force a sigh
Choak’d in the breath—and then—they dare to die,
The love of glory triumphs in the heart,
And each resolves to play the hero’s part.’

‘ The Neptune followed, and the watery god,
Proud on her bow, terrific seemed to nod ;
Awed the high billow with his angry look,
At boastful France th’ indignant trident shook,
And roar’d in thunder to the pride of Spain,
“ Britannia rules with me—the empress of the main.” ’

‘ Last of the column, o’er the billows rolled,
The well armed force of Africa the bold :
The jetty goddess of the burning sands,
With sharp-edged sabre flashing in her hands

Frown'd at the head, and panting to engage,
 Rolled her keen eye, and kindled all her rage :
 Beneath her feet the scutcheoned trophies lay,
 Borne by the British from Aboukir's bay :
 With that fam'd standard, Gallia's highest boast,
 Pride of her arms, and glory of her host,
 That stormed the dreadful pass at Lodi's bridge,
 And waved in fire o'er many an Alpine ridge,
 And still had triumphed in the bloody toil,
 'Till met by Britain, on th' Egyptian soil,
 Its glories fell—with all its guardian train,
 Ne'er deemed, 'till then, Invincible, in vain.'

' With sounding keel, and wide distended sail,
 Th' imperious Thunderer scuds before the gale :
 In all his terrors blazed her sculptured Jove,
 As when on Titan's impious host he drove
 The vengeful storm of mingled sleet, and fire,
 Winged with resistless speed, and barbed with ire.
 Again he shoots the lightning of his glance,
 With withering vengeance, at the sons of France :
 Circled in flame, and spreading wide alarms,
 Red gleams the thunder of th' almighty arms :
 Retiring Ocean trembles as he nods,
 And owns th' immortal sire of men and gods.'

' Thus through the deep, the marshalled navies steer,
 Fate leads the van, and Havoc joins the rear ;
 The flags of France in martial splendour glow,
 In circuit vast, like Heaven's refulgent bow,
 When bending o'er the boundless fields of space,
 The world hangs glistening in its wide embrace ;
 But Britain's squadrons o'er the surges past,
 Like two black clouds before the driving blast,
 When low, and dense, o'er-shadowing earth, they sail,
 Charged with dark thunder, tempest, fire and hail :
 In gorgeous pomp their floating banners stream,
 And like th' impetuous comet's ruddy gleam,
 The ardent fires of contest seem to shed,
 Pouring new glories on each warrior's head.'

These extracts which we have given on the author's recommendation, and which appear to us nearly on a par with all the rest of the book, will evince the truth of what we have said, that the images are of the most commonplace nature, and the descriptions unmarked by novelty or vigour. The wearisome uniformity however of both can only be felt by those who like us have perused similar descriptions of similar imagery, extended through ninety pages.—A few episodes are introduced, equally trite, uninteresting, and improbable ; as of an English officer who had gone to sea to console himself with glory, because he had been disappointed in love ; and the invit-

ing names of Gonzalvo and Alonzo are borrowed from romance, to excite an unreal interest by recalling the mind to the days of Spanish and Moorish gallantry.

On the whole, we cannot congratulate Mr. Drummond on his heroic poem.—The ~~18th~~ muse has of late been very prolific; but her productions have in general dropt dead from the press, Master* Robinson's poems can only be considered as an embryo; but it must be confessed they give us reason to augur well of that boy's future exertions. As to Mr. Stott, he is perfectly incorrigible. To that writer, who has with much modesty given himself the title of HAFIZ, we shall only recommend an attention to his respectable trade of a linen-draper, which we understand him to exercise at Dromore with considerable credit and success.

Mr. Stewart's† 'Pleasures of Love' were remarkable only for being a caricature on Darwin, in which all the inflation, the gaudiness, and other absurdities of that writer were carried to a high pitch of exaggeration, but possessing no scintillation of his exuberant fancy or truly poetic genius. Darwin's false glitter is a meteor which has led astray many an unwary witling of the present times. Mr. Drummond among others has followed it too zealously. He seems indeed to have rather a better notion of poetry and a less depraved taste than his last mentioned countryman; but, unless we are much mistaken, he is deficient in those grand essentials, which neither length of time nor continued application can ever hope to supply.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 24.—*Elements of useful Knowledge in Geography, History, and other Sciences. Drawn up for the Use of Children, in Questions and Answers. By J. Allbut, Master of Bromsgrove Lickey School. The eighth Edition, 12mo. 3s. 4d. Button. 1806.*

WE do not recollect to have ever seen a work better calculated to answer the end proposed. To attract the curiosity of children, and make the acquisition of knowledge an object of desire, is a great point, and for this purpose the author has judiciously divided his little work into ten parts, covered with various coloured paper, in a style of prettiness, which cannot fail to catch the attention of childhood. Each part is on a different subject, which ensures a freedom from disgust, by gratifying that fondness for novelty, so characteristic of the juvenile mind; while by divesting science of its technical phrases, the author has done away one of its most formidable obstacles, and rendered it more suited to their capacity both for acquiring and retaining knowledge. The subjects treated of, are geography, history, chronology, grammar, and arithmetic, together with the more popular parts of astronomy and natural philosophy. Those who have the care of youth, will find their interest in purchasing this publication. It has already gone through seven editions, but never before came into our hands.

* Crit. Rev. Dec. 1805.

† Crit. Rev. Feb. 1806.

ART. 25.—*The Manual of Youth, containing sixty Fables, French and English, ornamented with one hundred and twenty Cuts representing the Subjects of the Fables in the French Part, a Series of Elementary Lessons in the several Styles of Drawing, Remarks on Rhetoric, with various Examples on the different Styles, Figures and Tropes; a large Collection of Extracts in Prose and Verse, selected from the most approved Authors English and French.* By J. Ouseau, A.M. 12mo. 8s. Symonds. 1807.

THE title page of the *Manual of Youth* resembles the advertisement of a quack medicine, professing every thing, and fulfilling nothing. It is without exception the most unmeaning, and the dearest publication, which has for some time come under our inspection.

ART. 26.—*A New System of domestic Cookery, formed upon Principles of Economy, and adapted to the Use of private Families.* By a Lady. 2nd Edition, considerably enlarged and improved, to which are now added ten illustrative Plates. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Murray. 1807.

EVERY lady who is about to enter into the holy and happy estate of matrimony, ought to possess herself of this book. It is filled with receipts of the very best order, uniting taste with economy, and a sufficient degree of luxury with a due regard to health. It will be an acceptable offering at once to the mistress of a family, the professional cook or housekeeper, the sensualist, and even the valetudinarian. For the authoress has not confined herself merely to the table, but has subjoined numerous recipes for the use of the sick room, and for the preparation of such simple medicines as must at times be required in every family.

The ‘miscellaneous observations for the use of the mistress of a family,’ which form a sort of preface to the work, are in the highest degree judicious and useful. They are followed by instructions for carving, to illustrate which, a number of plates are given of the principal joints of meat, poultry, fish, &c. marked with dotted lines, to shew the direction in which the knife should be put to come at the different joints or parts. The Romans had appropriate schools for the purpose of teaching the art of carving, where the different animals were made of wood, properly dissected, and joined with thread, so as to be easy of separation. In the City Institution, lately established, for the encouragement of science, and patronized by so many aldermen, it may be presumed that the good old Roman custom will be renewed; and we cannot help thinking that if some doctor Trypherus* were to flourish his carving knife in Albermarle Street, it might be full as beneficial as the lectures now delivered to young ladies on metaphysics, chemistry, *belles lettres*, or the system of Linnaeus, where their heads are so filled with ideas of sexual difference, that they of course think of nothing else for the remainder of the day and night.

* *Discipulus Trypheri doctoris, apud quem
Summe cum magno lepus, atque aper, et pygargus,
Et Scythicae volucres, et Phœnicopterus ingens,
Et Gatalus oryx, hebeti lautissima ferro
Cœditur, & totâ sonat ulmea cœna Suburrâ.*

But to return to our authoress, who, besides the above mentioned, gives us directions for choosing all kinds of fish, poultry, butchers' meat, and vegetables, together with numerous bills of fare for every part of the year, shewing at one glance, what is in season, and enabling the housekeeper to furnish an elegant dinner without the trouble of consideration. Much other equally useful information is added on the management of a dairy, poultry-yard, &c.; and directions to servants for taking care of furniture. On the whole, we recommend this lady's work in the most unqualified manner; and, what our readers might otherwise be apt to suspect, we assure them that we never dined at her table.

ART. 27.—*Thoughts on the Marriages of the Labouring Poor; containing Instructions for their Conduct before and after entering into that Important State, with four authentic and moral Stories, illustrating the Subject.* By Thomas Kelly. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Kearsley. 1806.

THE marriages of the labouring poor are too frequently very inconsiderate. The author has here presented them with a very cheap and useful little work, which we strenuously recommend to the wealthy to bestow on their dependant labourers.

ART. 28.—*History of Mary Westley, or the Warning.* 12mo. Hatchard. 1806.

MARY Westley at an early age became the servant of Mrs. Hook, a very devout and rich widow. In the absence of her mistress, Mary Westley contracts an intimacy with one Charles Baker, which terminates in a *faux-pas*. The poor girl, who is represented as being sincerely penitent, almost immediately discovers the circumstance of her guilt to her religious mistress. This lady, whose piety consisted in mere advice, exhorts her to sin no more, recommends her to the mercy of God, and orders her to leave the house. No pecuniary relief to save her from the horrors of almost unavoidable prostitution—she leaves her unprotected to resist as she can, the seductive arts of profligate libertines, and the ill-nature of unforgiving females. Mary's lover however makes her all the recompence in his power by matrimony; and they reside at a neighbouring village. The neatness of their house attracts the notice of some kind ladies, who called to see them, and observing how near Mary was to her confinement, asked her how long she had been married, and how soon she expected to lie in, with a promise to furnish her with child-bed linen. Mary's answer however annulled their charitable intentions, and 'it was a long time before they entered this cottage again, for they were afraid it might make others think lightly of the crime if they assisted her.'—The anonymous author of this paltry history, we are convinced, is a female methodist; and, to confess the truth, we have no better opinion of her virtue than of her charity.

ART. 20.—*A Letter addressed to the Freemen of the Town and Port of Sandwich respecting the Proceedings and Resolutions of the Ramsgate Committee, dated at their Town Hall, Oct. 28th, 1806, relative to an intended Application to Parliament for the Purpose of reducing the Tolls of Sandwich Bridge. By William Pettman, 2d Edition with considerable Additions. 8vo. Law. 1807.*

A SPIRITED and creditable composition.

ART. 30.—*A Letter to Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P. containing Observations on the Distresses peculiar to the Poor of Spitalfields, arising from their local Situations. By W. Hale. 8vo. Williams and Smith. 1806.*

THE system of the poor laws teems with abuses. No department cries more loudly for redress. The money which appears to be annually expended on the removal of paupers from parish to parish, on law suits, &c. amounts to an almost incredible sum. The miseries of the poor of Spital-fields have been long excessive; parliament has at different times interfered, and saved numbers of indigent wretches from perishing. The peculiar locality of that parish, seems to be the principal cause of this distress. The accumulation of poverty which is there found, arises from the gradual removal of the more affluent people into other parishes, while their former dwellings become divided and subdivided into small lodgings, which are immediately occupied by an accession of casual poor; and these, by residence, apprenticeships, and other causes, very soon gain permanent settlements in the parish.

In proportion as commerce has increased, the city has become the centre of business. It formerly contained many alleys and courts of small houses, which were inhabited by various descriptions of their own paupers: these however have been taken down, and superior habitations erected in their places, many of which have been actually taken by the more wealthy tradesmen and manufacturers of Spitalfields, while the poor have been driven from their former residence into this neighbourhood, till at last almost the whole poor of the city of London are here congregated, and have by degrees obtained legal settlement. The chief resource is to *assess the poor*, and squeeze out of their scanty pittance, a trifling sum, which will but partly satisfy the cravings of the hungry, while the rich inhabitants in the city, who derive a great part of their opulence from these poor (which are virtually their own), contribute nothing to their relief. Mr. Hale has ably advocated the cause of the poor of this district, and we are confident the patriotic mover of the 'Bill for ameliorating the Condition of the Poor,' will not fail to take advantage of this exhortation to ensure his popularity.

ART. 31.—*Hours of Leisure, or Essays of Characteristics. By George Brewer. Dedicated by Permission to Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq. 8vo. Hatchard. 1806.*

DEDICATED to Lumley St. George Skeffington! And from the approbation which attends him as a dramatic writer! What may

not be said in a dedication ! We should much sooner have expected Mr. Skeffington to have acquired fame from his whiskers than from his 'Sleeping Beauty;' and indeed we understand that the lobby-lounging ladies do constantly point him out by the former dignostic. But nobody ever hears that gentleman mentioned as an author, except with the adjective contemptible prefixed. 'His brother author,' as Mr. Brewer calls himself, is equally entitled to the same characteristic appellation ; and our readers will be of the same opinion, when we inform them that their companions through this volume of essays are, 'Jack Easy, Miss Artimesia Pullet, Lord Gobblegruel, Dick Cambridge, Miss Parmesan, Matt. Merry-thought, Barnaby Bashful, Frank Funny, Colonel Glum, &c. &c.' When Mr. Skeffington produces another theatrical piece, we shall expect to see the compliment to Mr. Brewer returned, and to read 'from the flattering approbation, which your little volume of essays has acquired, a brother author has presumed to dedicate to you, Sir, the following performance, which has been received by the public with unbounded applause.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE gentleman who noticed Mr. Neill's 'Tour to the Orkneys' in the last Number of the Critical Review, is sorry to find that the author has allowed his temper to be ruffled by the friendly advice he there received. As he seems to expect an answer to his exposulatory letter on that subject there can be no strong reason against indulging him.—The first part of that epistle merely contains a request that the publisher of the Critical Review would read the preface, the contents, and the notes, of Mr. Neill's pamphlet. If Mr. Mawman chuse to comply with this unreasonable request, he will exhibit a remarkable example of good-nature ; for Mr. Neill's pamphlet is very difficult in the perusal. The tourist then remarks as follows : 'The review itself, you will observe, bears *in gremio*, conclusive evidence that the reviewer never read a paragraph of it. (Does he mean that the reviewer never read his own review ?) For instance, he says Mr. Neill frequently borrows Dr. Barry's words without their meaning. No instance however is given, nor could have been given ; for the truth is, that the whole of my remarks were published some months before Dr. Barry's work appeared. Had the reviewer *glanced my pages* in the slightest manner, he must have perceived this ; especially had he looked at the appendix, which refers to Dr. Barry's work as since published.' Mr. Neill entertains very strange notions concerning 'conclusive evidence.' The reviewer knew as well as Mr. Neill did, that Dr. Barry's work was not published till after the unfortunate 'Tour to the Orkneys.' It was in Mr. Neill's very long and unmeaning appendix that the passages apparently taken from Dr. Barry occurred, as he will find by looking over that part of it which relates to natural history. Mr. Neill was before told that his 'Tour' had found its way to a snuff-shop, so that it is now impossible for the gentleman who addresses

him to transcribe the passages alluded to. 'You will farther judge,' proceeds Mr. N. 'of the candour and consistency of the reviewer, when you find him declaring that I have avoided every thing "in the shape of an idea;" but if I stumbled on one, I run away, and sit down beneath some immense paragraph, and make reflections: It were passing strange if I could make reflections without ideas.' Now to make reflections without ideas is so very common an occurrence that we are really astonished to see Mr. Neill puzzled to conceive it. It is an occurrence too which must have been familiar to him from his earliest infancy, and of which his Tour exhibits '*conclusive evidence in gremio.*' We trust that we are under no obligation to account for the various phenomena of Mr. Neill's intellectual system, but we refer him to Professor Dugald Stewart, who with that kindness which characterizes him, will endeavour to explain the reasons of that dearth of ideas under which the secretary to the Natural History Society of Edinburgh unfortunately labours, and likewise the process by which he is enabled to reflect without ideas. Rather than hurt Mr. Neill's feelings, however, we are willing to confess ourselves mistaken in supposing that he ever did make a reflection.—'A bitter review of my Tour had, it seems been sent to the European Magazine, for I observe that in their notes to correspondents, they reject it with disdain, saying they will not give a place to the effusions of private malignity. Perhaps the same MS. has been sent to the Critical Review, and inadvertently admitted.' Mr. Neill ought to have ascertained this point from the editor of the European Magazine. This would have prevented him alike from being troublesome to the present writer, and from exposing himself. We are next informed that Mr. Nicholson thinks highly of the 'Tour to the Orkneys,' and went so far as to reprint eight pages of it in his excellent Journal. This ought to console our enraged correspondent, under the sufferings he endures from 'private malignity' and public justice. In the present unsettled state of society it is dangerous to indulge in prophecy, yet we may venture to predict, that if Mr. Nicholson often prints such trash as Mr. Neill's Tour in his Journal, it will no longer retain its appellation of the 'most philosophical in Europe,' which the secretary bestows on it.—The writer of the obnoxious article is finally requested to deliver up his name. This would be highly absurd, and the request shews that Mr. Neill is altogether ignorant of the nature of a Review. Time, the soother of every violent emotion, will, we trust, restore Mr. Neill's mind to a state of quiet—in which case he will not fail to repent of his present conduct.

'A constant Reader's' communication will meet with attention.

That of A. Z. is left in the Poultry, to be returned when called for.

We have to apologize to Mr. Seymour for not replying to him in our last number. The greatest part of the mistakes or misrepresentations he complains of, are, as is obvious to the most superficial reader, mere typographical errors. As to the remark respecting Dr. Johnson, if it was meant generally, Mr. S. expressed himself strangely in particularizing that great man.